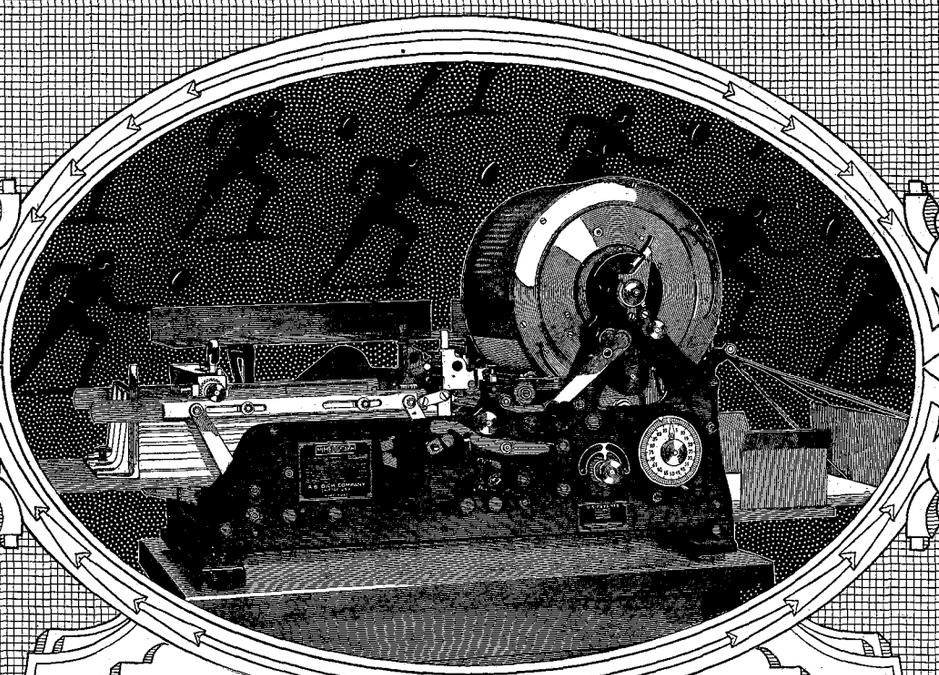

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 7.—A resolution is introduced by James Maxton in the annual Labor party conference censuring the British Labor Government for failure to lessen unemployment, but is defeated, 1,803,000 to 334,000. Prime Minister MacDonald announces that the Government has no intention of converting Great Britain into a high-tariff country.

Dr. Cosme de la Torriente, former Ambassador to Washington, and now one of the leaders of the opposition to President Machado, issues a statement appealing to the people of the United States to maintain strict neutrality in the present political crisis in Cuba.

October 8.—Premier Bennett of Canada proposes at the Imperial Conference in London that the British Empire build a tariff wall by having its member nations add 10 per cent. to existing tariffs, or to tariffs to be created, on imports from non-British nations.

Before a great popular demonstration President Machado of Cuba defends his administration and announces his intention to hold Congressional elections on November 1, despite the efforts of the opposition to have them postponed.

Dr. Christopher Addison, Minister of Agriculture, informs the Labor party conference that the British Government proposes to end unemployment by a "back-to-the-land" movement for the jobless.

Brazilian revolutionaries capture Pernambuco, capital of the State of that name, and are reported to have entered the State of São Paulo, and to be threatening the city of São Paulo.

October 9.—Brazilian Federal troops make progress toward the recapture of the State of Minas Geraes. An official communiqué says that the Federal troops remain loyal and that the revolutionaries must soon capitulate.

A conference of unofficial representatives of the Balkan Governments adopt a plan for a union of the Balkan States within the League of Nations, in which war would be unconditionally excluded.

October 10.—Capt. J. Errol Boyd, Canadian airman, and Lieut. Harry P. Connor, U. S. Naval Reserve officer, make a forced landing on Tresco, Scilly Isles, off the southwest coast of England, after flying from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on an attempted non-stop flight to London.

J. H. Thomas, British Secretary for Dominions, says that the first thought of the British Government must be for its own people, thus announcing, in effect, that the British Government will not accept the proposals for reciprocal preferential protection asked by Canada.

Col. Carlos Mendieta, head of the Nationalist movement in Cuba, charges that the Machado Government is still carrying on a reign of terror, but says the Nationalists will not lead a revolution unless the people so decide.

October 11.—The bodies of the victims of the *R-101* disaster in France are buried in a single grave at Cardington, England, with impressive ceremony.

The civil war in China is reported to be virtually ended, with Gen. Yen Hsi-shan eliminated as a military factor, and his troops withdrawn from the conflict. Nanking follows a policy of conciliation in reorganizing the Government.

October 12.—Brazilian Federal and rebel forces make contact on the São Paulo-Parana border, and clashes between advance guards are reported.

October 13.—Fascists and Communists riot in Berlin as the new Reichstag opens, and several policemen are injured by brickbats.

Government successes against the rebels are reported in the States of Minas Geraes, Brazil, and the Federal Army, increased by fresh reinforcements, begins forming large mobile supply trains.

Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, informs the Imperial conference that the British Government will not adopt the general tariff policy suggested by Premier Bennett of Canada, but assures the Dominion Premiers that in so far as Great Britain has duties, she will agree to the principle of preference.

October 14.—An engagement between Federal and rebel troops is reported in the northern part of Parana, Brazil, in which the rebels lose fifteen killed.

Domestic

October 7.—In an address at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, South Carolina, President Hoover warns of the perils of the Red doctrines, all of which, he declares, would mean the destruction of the Constitution and "the abandonment of the nation's spiritual heritage."

October 8.—The Navy Department orders the scrapping or retirement of forty-nine naval vessels, the retirement of 4,800 men, and the cutting of monthly enlistments from 400 to 200, with a view to adjusting the Navy to the limitations established by the London naval treaty.

The Philadelphia Athletics win the world's baseball series by defeating the St. Louis Cardinals four games to two.

October 9.—Ralph Thomas O'Neil, of Topeka, Kansas, is elected national commander of the American Legion at its convention in Boston. Mrs. Wilma D. Hoyal, of Douglas, Arizona, is elected president of the Auxiliary.

October 10.—Maj. Dieudonné Coste and Lieut. Maurice Bellonte, French transatlantic flyers, return to New York after a twenty-five-day tour of the country, during which they flew 15,000 miles, and were guests of honor at fifty receptions.

October 11.—The United States submarine forces are to be reduced, it is announced, to fifty-five vessels, with a total tonnage of 51,050, in conformity with the London naval treaty.

October 12.—Jack ("Legs") Diamond, notorious gangster and racketeer, is shot in a hotel room in New York. His assailants escape.

October 13.—The Supreme Court of the United States declines to review two convictions under the Jones dry law in Missouri, on the ground, it is said, that they do not properly present the question of constitutionality. The Court grants the State of Arizona leave to file suit to test the constitutionality of the Hoover Dam act and the so-called Colorado River compact.

October 14.—A Communist demonstration near the American Federation of Labor Convention Hall in Boston is broken up by the police. The Federation decides to devote a year's study to the proposal of the five-hour working day.

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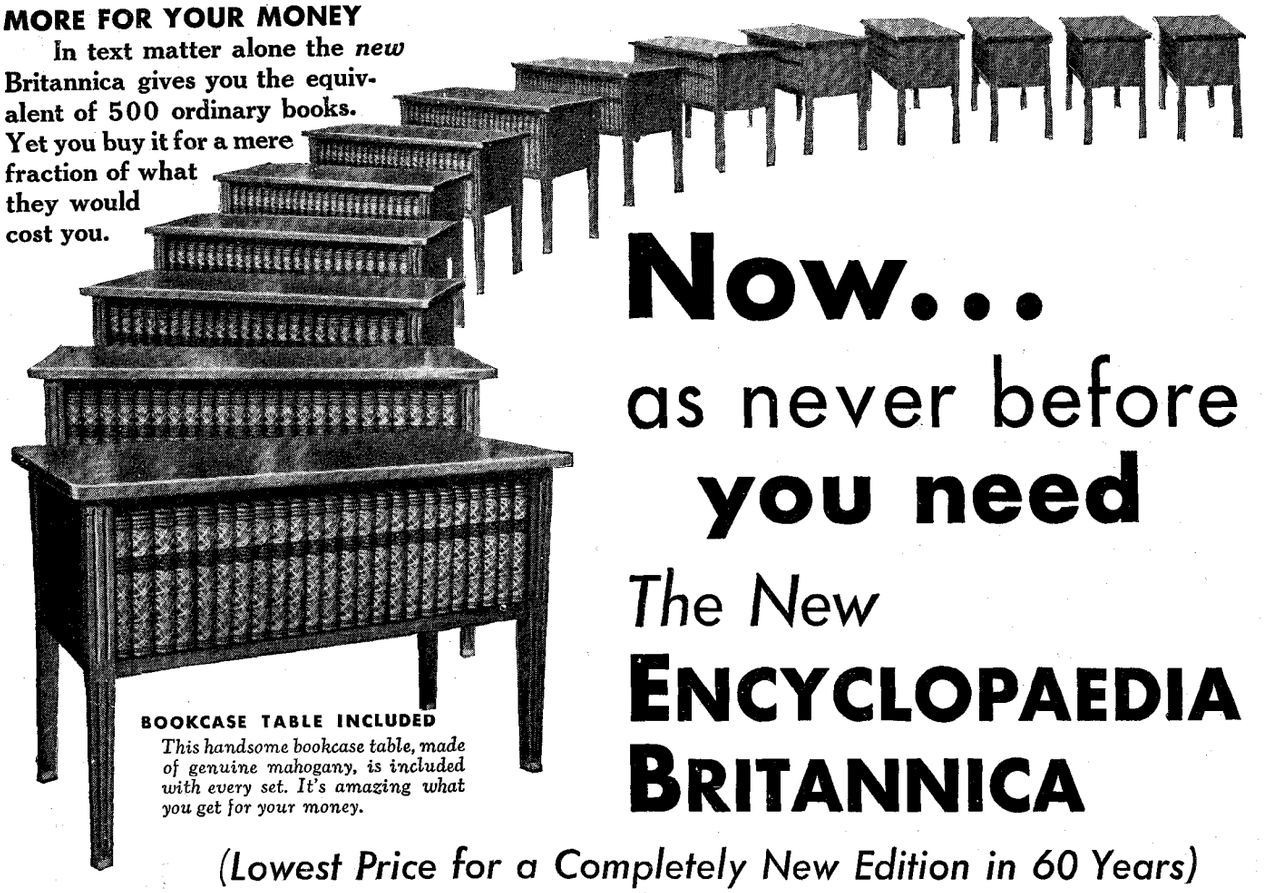

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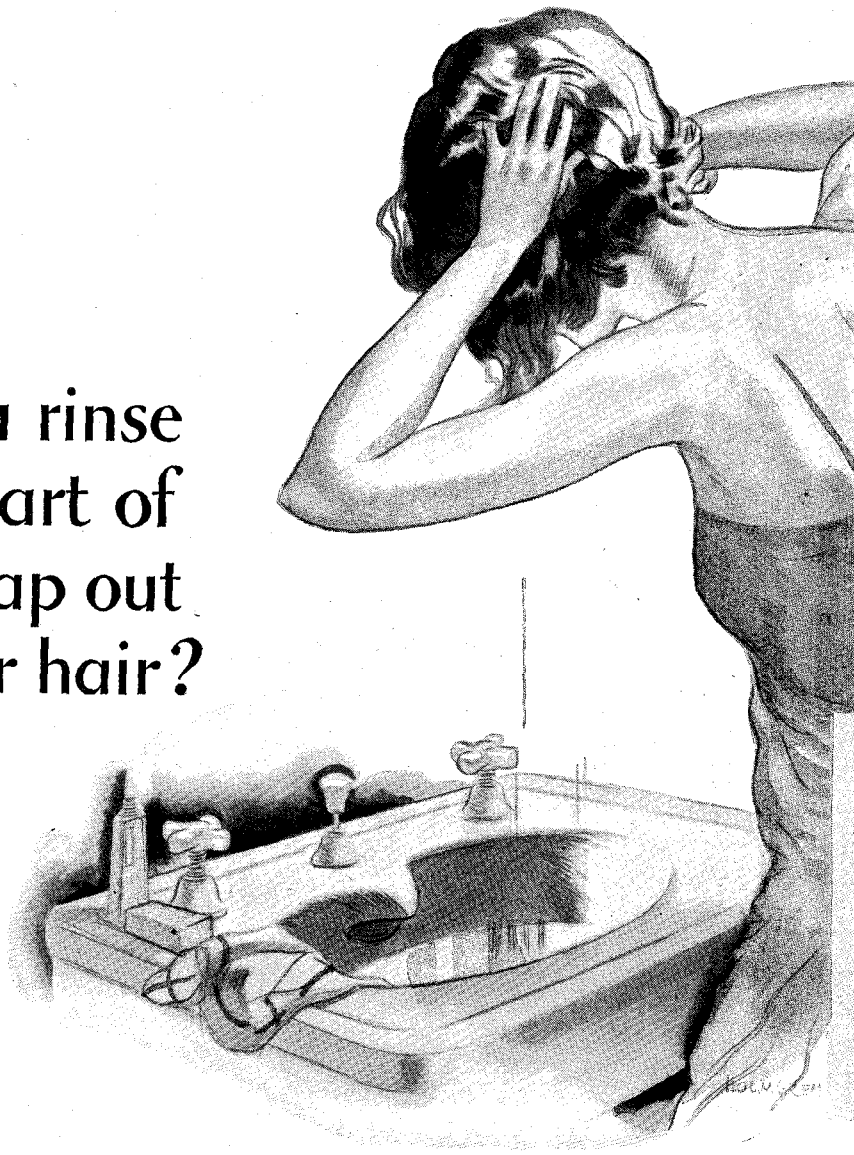

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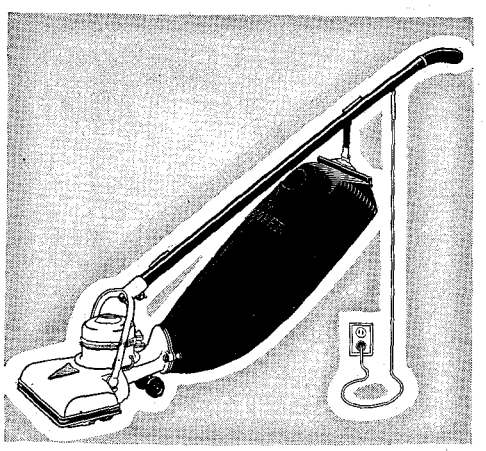

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1930

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Gangland's Challenge to Our Civilization

THE BULLETS THAT DRILLED HOLES in the pajama-clad body of Jack, or "Legs," Diamond sounded a challenge to our American civilization that was heard far and wide.

In European countries which had excluded this gangster from its shores during the past summer, newspapers gave more space to the story of the attempt on his life than to any piece of American news since the "monkey trial" at Dayton.

One of the great English newspapers came out with an editorial declaration that there is no essential difference between the gangsters of the United States and the bandits of China.

On the same day that Diamond was "put on the spot," the head of the National Crime Commission made a speech despairing of our efforts to curb banditry, and suggesting resort to the whipping-post and the lash.

In the meanwhile, the New York beer-runner, racketeer, murder-suspect, "Legs" Diamond, was carried to a New York hospital to display what editors call the typical vanity of the gangster by his requests for the newspapers telling of the shooting, and his demand that he be placed in the bed where the famous Rothstein died.

This shooting had all the trimmings, as newspapers were quick to observe.

"The mention of a Follies beauty, Broadway night life, the sinister overpowering shadow of chance that is the living law of every racketeer's existence—these features," says the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, "combined to make the tale of the destruction of New York's best-known gangster everybody's business." And this New York State paper adds:

"The fact that the assault in its physical concomitants seems to tally on all fours with the fairly historic unsolved dispatch of Rothstein gives a razor-edge of significance to the occurrence as a chapter in criminal annals."

Two points in this "Legs" Diamond story seem especially significant to the Baltimore *Sun:*

"The one is that when 'Legs' went on to Europe, a few months ago, early reports had it that the New York police wanted him. Then, after he was neatly tossed around the Continent by the foreign gendarmerie, the New York police, for some reason, denied that they wanted the gangster.

"They did not want him at all, they said.

"Neither did Europe.

"So 'Legs' came back. It must have been humiliating. But the current happening gives the lie to all that indifference.

"Somebody did want 'Legs' Diamond. Not the police, busy with immoral shows and such things, but other people who are much more able than the police to know who they want, why they want him, and how to get him.

"The other point is that when 'Legs' was taken to the hospital he exprest a wish to be put in the room where Arnold Rothstein died.

"Nothing ever better exemplified the dripping sentimentality of the gangster. Rothstein was the big shot; it is toward his rank and grandeur that the smaller men aspire. Had not his death upset all New York? Brought the overthrow of a Police Commissioner? Made the theme for a book and a movie?

"To die in the room where he breathed his tight-lipped last—that is the good life."

International Newsreel photograph

"Just a Young Fellow Trying to Get Ahead"

So Jack "Legs" Diamond once described himself.

ONLY thirty-three years old was Mr. Diamond when the visitors burst into his room and shot him down. But that he should have reached the age of thirty-three seems to a New York *World* writer the most interesting fact about him, for—

"The last ten years have been one hot spot after another for the dapper beer baron. Between rival gangsters and the police, 'Legs' has undoubtedly the honor of being the most harassed individual in New York's underworld."

Diamond was imprisoned for burglary at the age of seventeen. Since then, we read on, the Rothstein case and the Frankie Marlow killing are the only important New York underworld murders for which Diamond has not been arrested. According to this story, Diamond and his brother Eddie started in the gangster business in a small way fifteen years ago in the Chelsea district of New York City, in the "wagon-bouncing" racket. Wagon-bouncing, it seems, is the technical term for "removing packages from delivery-trucks without due authorization."

Diamond was moving up the criminal ladder when his career was broken into by the World War. His army life was cut short by arrest and conviction for desertion and a term at Leavenworth prison—incidentally, his only actual service in jail since the boyhood term for attempted burglary.

Diamond's first real appearance in the gangster limelight, to go on with *The World's* account, was his emergence as one of Arnold Rothstein's body-guards. After that, his "talent for body-guarding was hired by Little Augie Orgen," and this

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ended when Little Augie was shot to death on an East Side street corner and "Legs" was wounded in the fracas.

After Rothstein's death, in 1928, Diamond became more important in the underworld, devoting himself largely to the "beer racket" both in Manhattan and in the Catskills, where he maintained a summer home.

Diamond used to speak of himself as "just a young fellow trying to get ahead, who wouldn't harm a flea." But after the disappearance of a Catskill Mountain roadhouse proprietor, whose bloodstained automobile turned up in Brooklyn, the authorities began to look for Diamond, who suddenly sailed for Europe, only to be deported from Germany and excluded from other countries. So "Legs" Diamond, the "man nobody

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A Homecoming May Be a Good Thing Now and Then to Get Acquainted with Our Offspring

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

wants," came back to his own country only to confront his mysterious assailants on Sunday of last week.

The shooting of Diamond emphasizes again, in the mind of the Hartford *Courant's* editor, "the disheartening web of corruption that enmeshes New York, involving even the city courts." Various papers note that whereas Diamond went to prison only twice—the early term for burglary and the war-time stretch at Leavenworth—he has been arrested twenty-one times for such charges as homicide (five times), grand larceny (thrice), felonious assault, robbery, burglary, and dealing in narcotics. "With fewer faults in the fabric of justice," comments the New York *Sun*, "Diamond would have been in prison months ago under the fourth-offense provision of the Baumes law, safe from the men who 'put him on the spot.'"

"I ain't got the slightest idea," weakly answered Diamond with an attempt at a grin when asked in the hospital why the attempt was made on his life. Police authorities have profest themselves equally mystified, while newspaper writers suggest gangland vengeance, beer-racket rivalry, the climax of a business quarrel, or perhaps the fact that Diamond was scheduled as a witness in the present grand jury investigation of alleged corruption among New York City judges.

In France Diamond's visit substituted him for "Scar-face" Capone "as a symbol of the mad American bootlegging scene"; café sitters endow him with romantic qualities and, as we read on in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, "the Paris papers relay the rumor that Diamond was shot by Capone aids."

And in England a conspicuous editorial on American gangsters appears in the Manchester *Guardian*, which likens them to the rival bandit chiefs of China. Says the British newspaper:

"When one set of criminals can announce publicly their intention of killing another, and carry out that intention in the full glare of newspaper publicity, the general prestige of those responsible for law and order must inevitably suffer.

"We are told that most of these gangsters are of Latin origin, that they are recruited largely from precocious youths fed on poor cinema fare, who knock about the streets of the great cities. We are told that the Volstead Law is responsible for much because it has made available an extremely lucrative business for the unscrupulous

"All this may be partly true, yet the fact remains that American civilization, wealthy, astonishingly virile as it is, can not succeed in producing an adequate system of law; that its only means of getting rid of a particularly disagreeable type of criminal is by allowing such to destroy one another.

"The fate of a Jack Diamond is without significance in itself. The social attitude toward him is significant of much.

"You would not offhand expect to find in any civilized country the sort of conditions that now prevail in China. Yet this gangster business is not so unlike China, tho on a smaller scale.

"All the machinery of law exists in America, but the thing does not work properly. It does not work properly because the public conscience does not function as it should.

"Tho gangsters are an inconsiderable proportion of the whole population in America, they carry on their activities unchecked, and the only reason for that can be that at the bottom the public does not mind them, does not feel what they do is wrong. You can not blame the police in such a case. The police are merely the instruments whereby the public sense of what is right or wrong expresses itself."

And there are American writers who feel much the same way about it. These murders, says the New Haven *Register*, "constitute crime's most daring gesture, and fairly make the entire social fabric of the land tremble in anticipation of a possible extension of gang rule to wider and still wider areas of life."

On the day Diamond was shot, it so happened that a subcommittee of the New York State Crime Commission published a report, and a paper by Chairman George W. Wickersham of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement was read at a convention of the American Prison Association. The coincidence interests the Boston *Globe*, which points out that in the estimation of both authorities, this gangster problem "comes back to the proper and careful training of the youth of our cities."

But the Wickersham remark that attracts most press attention is this: "A careful inquiry into the results of flogging as a punishment for certain offenses and a prevention of further wrong-doing may well be made to determine the desirability of employing it in the war against banditry and racketeers."

Mr. Wickersham's suggestion of the lash meets with some approval from papers like the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, and Buffalo *Courier-Express*, all of which suggest that such punishment might be particularly effective in the case of so amazingly vain a person as the average gangster. On the other hand, such brutality seems to the Springfield *Republican*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, and Milwaukee *Journal* to be quite unworthy of modern democracy. While the Baltimore *Evening Sun* remarks:

"Curing racketeering by flogging, when obviously no racketeers intend to get caught, is about as futile a suggestion as we have heard in a long time. First catch your racketeer."

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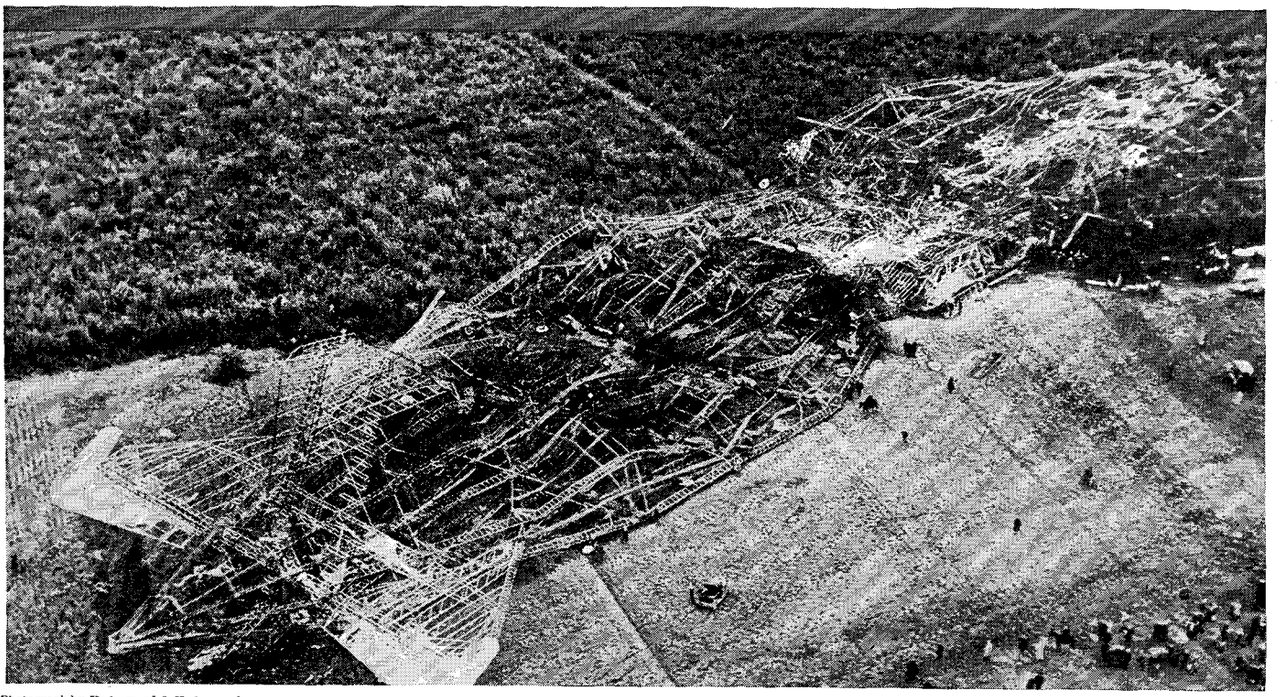
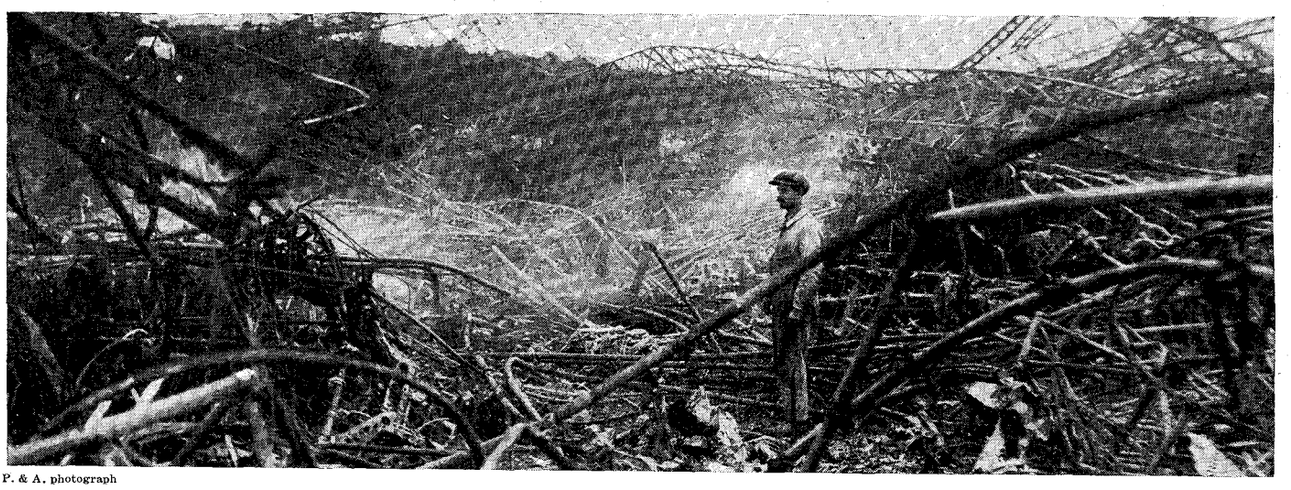


Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Airplane View of the Complete Wreck of the Giant British Airship that Fell in France



P. & A. photograph

Ghastly Search of the Twisted Mass of Smoldering Wreckage for Buried Human Victims

P. & A. photograph

Some Survivors Cared for in Hospital Beds at Beauvais

After the Titanic Dirigible "R-101" Crashed to Earth

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Pinchot's Party-Blasting Battle

PENNSYLVANIA'S AMAZING CAMPAIGN thunders into the home stretch as the nation looks on in astonishment.

"In both old parties there is plain mutiny and open rebellion.

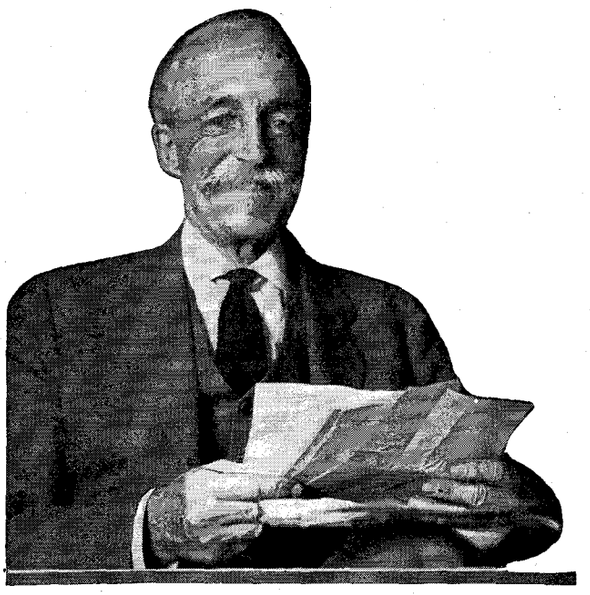
"In the big cities, Republicans are giving comfort and aid to a Democratic candidate.

"Up-State there are Democrats offering aid and comfort to a Republican nominee.

"It is a weird and amazing spectacle," continues the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "The high command of both parties is uncertain and confused. Party solidarity crumbles in some of its ancient strongholds, and the tides of sentiment are boiling with cross-currents and strange drifts."

Gifford Pinchot, keen-visaged ex-Governor, Republican, and "a dry of drys," is battling John M. Hemphill, Democratic and Liberal party candidate, and "an unshaken foe of Volsteadism," for the governorship.

"Behold," adds *The Public Ledger*, "the dry democracy crossing over to Mr. Pinchot, while Republican wets are countermarching to Mr. Hemphill, and the tramping feet are trampling down party lines everywhere in the State."



Acme

He's Crashing Party Lines

Gifford Pinchot, Republican dry, who is fighting for the Pennsylvania governorship.

Pennsylvania's turmoil, we are told, is typical of that in other States where sentiment whirlpools about the wet-dry issue.

As to how the vote will go in this citadel of Republicanism, which hasn't gone Democratic in forty years, the consensus of shrewd political observers in Washington seems to be that, while it is not impossible for Mr. Hemphill to win, the probabilities are that Mr. Pinchot, despite serious defections in Republican ranks, will be the victor.

OUTSTANDING among those who have bolted Mr. Pinchot is W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who resigned from the National Republican Committee because he "could not support all the nominees on the Republican State ticket."

"It was generally understood in political circles," says a Philadelphia dispatch, "that the full weight of Mr. Atterbury's influence will be thrown to Mr. Hemphill."

Another conspicuous Republican who bolted Mr. Pinchot, with the flat announcement that he would support Mr. Hemphill, is W. W. Roper, Princeton football coach and Mr. Pinchot's campaign manager in 1922.

In addition, we read, Republican leaders of Philadelphia have decided, "almost unanimously," against the party's nominee for Governor.

For a glimpse of the background of this bitter, party-rending fight, we borrow from a Washington dispatch by Mark Sullivan to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Gifford Pinchot was Governor for four years, 1922 to 1926. Under the Constitution he could not succeed himself.

"Just as soon as he could, the present year, he tried for the Republican nomination again. He got it, against the strong opposition of the bulk of the Republican machine.

"He is now running as an ardent dry, and also as an even more enthusiastic critic of railroads, public utilities, and other business interests.

"The issues in the campaign are Mr. Pinchot's dryness, Mr. Pinchot's radicalism—as it is called—and Mr. Pinchot's personality."

TENDING to counterbalance the defections among Republicans, says Mr. Sullivan, is the fact that "Mr. Pinchot is supported by one who might be called the leading Democrat in the State—Vance McCormick." In the case of the coal-miners, we read further, "preference for the Democratic candidate as wets is subordinated to their preference for Mr. Pinchot because of his favor to organized labor and his attacks on big business."

Analyzing the situation in mid-October, Mr. Sullivan said Mr. Pinchot probably would lose Philadelphia by 150,000, but that he "can afford to lose it by twice that figure, provided the Republican organizations in the rest of the State support him normally."

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts five.

1. Is the New York stage "reeking with filth"? (p. 20).
2. What city is finding jobs for 100,000? (p. 11).
3. Do people now laugh at Shakespearian villains? (p. 19).
4. Who made Lawrence of Arabia known to the world? (p. 36).
5. Why not leave China to its fate? (p. 21).
6. Who calls our naval reduction "an outrage"? (p. 12).
7. How make a machine talk back? (p. 34).
8. What is a cold color? (p. 18).
9. What painting is said to symbolize Soviet Russia? (p. 17).
10. Where does a pint weigh twenty-five tons? (p. 34).
11. Who are the chief sufferers from China's civil wars? (p. 21).
12. How may warm and cold water produce power? (p. 29).
13. What is the chief use for sapphires? (p. 30).
14. Who is sometimes called the "Cardinal of charity"? (p. 20).
15. How can you drown a trout? (p. 34).
16. Who once saw his cook-stove circling round above his head? (p. 34).
17. What politician threatens upheaval in Europe? (p. 14).
18. What is the "artel"? (p. 16).
19. Who pitched the first World Series shutout since 1926? (p. 45).
20. How many World Series has Connie Mack won? (p. 43).

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Dwight Morrow's Successor

JOSHUA REUBEN CLARK, "Ruddy-faced Mormon," as he is described, who goes without breakfast, and drinks "fifteen or twenty glasses of water and a number of beakers of milk" between other meals, must he heartened by the wholesale press welcome that greets his promotion to be Ambassador to Mexico, successor to Dwight W. Morrow.

He was "with Morrow," serving as special legal adviser, we are reminded, when diplomacy turned unfriendly into friendly relations; he stayed on to represent us while Mr. Morrow was drafted for other international conferences, and later when he resigned to run for Senator from New Jersey; Mr. Clark's promotion is taken as an indication of the importance of the Mexican post.

International

Morrow's Right-hand Man

J. Reuben Clark, of Utah, now Ambassador to Mexico.

Ambassador Clark "knows Mexico as well as he knows the State Department," observes the New York *Times*, in characterizing the peculiar merits of the President's appointment of "a career man" to such an important diplomatic place.

Other congratulatory papers rehearse details of his career: Lawyer in Salt Lake City; law professor at George Washington University; solicitor and counsel of the State Department for twenty-four years, assigned to various international conferences; becoming Under-Secretary of State for Latin-American affairs, and serving on Mexican commissions for settling disputes before being called as special counsel to Ambassador Morrow.

That Ambassador Clark has repudiated the "big stick" interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in a "memorandum" for the State Department recently published, is another mark of fitness strest by a number of papers, including the Scripps-Howard chain. To quote the New York *Telegram:*

"That declaration swept aside all the false interpretations by which previous Administrations had misused the Monroe Doctrine to justify American military intervention in the internal affairs of Latin-American countries.

"Now that Hoover has promoted its author to be Ambassador to Mexico, he should immediately cancel the order by which he has held up for a year and a half the delivery to the Latin-American governments of the Clark declaration."

A MORE conservative note is struck by the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, which says that "as a diplomat, Mr. Clark is as yet largely untried. This feature is the weak point in the President's policy of stressing technical knowledge as the supreme qualification for diplomatic appointees."

Others are not so backward. The Providence *Journal* finds value in Mr. Clark's "western" knowledge of silver and oil industries that bulk so large in Mexico's economy, and adds that "from almost every conceivable standpoint—diplomatic, economic, political and social—President Hoover's selection of Mr. Clark seems to be ideal." In his home town, Salt Lake City, *The Telegram* declares, "We know him to be a man of such integrity, honesty and moral stamina that he would resign the ambassadorship rather than take a stand unfair to a foreign people."

Detroit's Employment Plan

THE JOB OF FINDING 100,000 JOBS is keeping Detroit's new Mayor, Frank Murphy, on the jump these days. He has tackled the task of finding work for one-tenth of a million men and women, of whom 20,000 are said to be in desperate need.

Tackled it with gusto and confidence, too, for Mr. Murphy "was elected over four opponents largely because he promised to find work for the idle."

Already, results are being shown. For one thing, the Mayor seems to have the entire city solidly behind him in this concerted drive against unemployment. Other cities are watching the experiment with sympathetic interest, hopeful that Detroit's pioneering will solve their own like problems. Mid-winter, it is said, will show if the plan is a success.

International

His Job Is to Find Jobs

For Detroit's army of 100,000 idle—Mayor Frank Murphy.

Even before he took office, we read, Mr. Murphy got away to a flying start in his fight against unemployment in the motor capital by appointing a committee of 101 members, including representatives of every welfare and industrial agency in the city. Four hundred volunteer workers registered the army of jobless at the police stations and schools.

"Approximately 100,000 jobless men and women registered for employment, of whom nearly 20,000 signified desperate and immediate need," writes Gladys H. Kelsey, Detroit correspondent of the New York *Times*. To prevent an influx of undesirables, only those who were residents for one year or longer were allowed to register. Then Miss Kelsey tells us how the committee proceeded to push its campaign:

"By staggering shifts, dividing the hours of men already employed, limiting work to eight-hour days, and cutting down seven-day weeks to six, a number of employers have been able to increase their forces.

"The recent establishment of an employment committee to devise ways and means of creating jobs promises to be the most constructive emergency measure yet adopted.

"They propose to the owners of timbered lands near to the city that they contribute the timber free in exchange for the clearing of their property, the timber to be cut into cordwood and sold in Detroit. All money over expenses will be paid to the workers, who will average from $3.50 to $5 a day. This will take care of from 500 to 1,000 men.

"Another project is the consolidation of odd jobs in such a way that a month's steady employment at a time can be given to one man or woman, instead of innumerable hourly jobs."

IN addition, a public-works program is expected to provide jobs for many men. Already, $4,000,000 has been appropriated to advance next year's school-building program, which can be started next month. Besides all this, many organizations, including the police and fire departments, are making voluntary contributions to a fund to aid the unemployed.

"Altogether, a healthier, more hopeful atmosphere is being created," says the Detroit *News*. "Detroit looks forward to the long winter with less dread, with the belief that better times are coming."

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Slashing Our Navy

"IT IS AN OUTRAGE," this plan to reduce our Navy by 4,800 men, declares Senator Copeland, broad-shouldered, florid, bespectacled New York Democrat.

Moreover, it is "a very bad example," he continues, "in a country where 5,000,000 men are out of work."

Just as quick was the verbal reaction of Representative Britten, Republican, of Illinois, the dapper chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, who announced that his committee would demand "that the Administration present at the December session of Congress the naval-replacement program under the treaty." While he indorsed, in part, the reduction program, we read, he was insistent that appropriations for all departments of the Government should be slashed proportionately.

The cause of all this commotion, which is offset, incidentally, by a loud chorus of approval, is neatly summarized by a New York *Times* head-line:

"NAVY DROPS 49 SHIPS, RETIRES 4,800 MEN UNDER LONDON PACT—DRASTIC ORDER ISSUED BY ADAMS WILL EFFECT SAVING OF $10,998,949 BY JULY, 1932—18 DESTROYERS TO GO—SUBMARINE TONNAGE TO BE PARED BY 17,300 AND RECRUITING REDUCED."

Going into greater detail, we quote an Associated Press dispatch from Washington:

"A summary of vessels to be withdrawn shows one battle-ship, the *Florida*, to be scrapped; scrapping of the old *Rochester* and *Pittsburgh*, two old cruisers; destroyers to be reduced from 109 to 91; submarines reduced by 25, leaving 55 in the fleet; withdrawal of one submarine tender for recommissioning; withdrawal of the flagship of the fleet base force; one mine layer to be withdrawn for recommissioning—a total of 49 vessels with a total displacement of about 120,000 tons."

A Little Interruption to Pleasant Contemplation

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

THIS cut in personnel, which will reduce the total force to about 79,200, "threatens to strike materially at the fighting efficiency of the Navy," declares Oliver McKee, Jr., Washington correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. The stage seems to be set, he goes on, for a lively debate in Congress over the question: "Are we to have a full London Treaty Navy?"

But this "first big move of the United States to bring its fleet within the limitations of the treaty" does not contemplate dropping the 4,800 men suddenly, we are told; rather, the personnel will be reduced through the curtailment of recruiting from 400 to 200 a month, beginning November 1.

Replying to criticisms, altho he did not mention Senator Copeland, President Hoover declared that "there is no basis for the suggestion that the Navy Department is adding to unemployment by the arrangement," since "the readjustment of the Navy will be brought about solely by wastage—men who die or wish to quit the service at the expiration of their enlistment."

Developed by Admiral William V. Pratt, the white-haired Chief of Operations, the new navy plan "would seem to be more efficient," according to Secretary Adams, "and, incidentally, save some money." Explaining his plan, Admiral Pratt said:

"It is a question of looking over the material that you have on hand and seeing whether any changes can be made, any adjustments which would tend to make the fleet more efficient.

"The purpose of the fleet which we maintain now is naturally one for training.

"Nobody expects to have all the ships in peace which they will want in time of war, but what we need is a nucleus of a fleet sufficiently large so it can adequately train a number of men to perform all the tactical exercises required to keep the fleet up in shape.

"With that in view we have overhauled all our floating material, including equipment at the yards.

"The basic organization of the fleet has not been changed at all.

"Some of the numbers in the organization have been cut, and some of them have been changed. We have left the Asiatic fleet, except for an eventual change of flagship, exactly as it was.

"The reduction in the numbers of destroyers in a division will give us better tactical units, as well as providing some destroyers for the training squadron and for aircraft-carrier plane guards.

"Our destroyers are beginning to get old and shopworn.

"There is a tremendous hump in the replacement schedule for destroyers, and if we can not take care of that hump by new appropriations, we are going to prolong the lives of the destroyers we have as much as we can. In laying up some of our destroyers, therefore, we are keeping them in good shape."

THE *Times* correspondent also points out that "owing to the fact that the United States has in commission only five of the 8-inch gun cruisers of 10,000 tons, this country will not be called upon to dispose of any vessel of that type."

For a further explanation of London-treaty requirements, we borrow from the Washington *Post:*

"The American Navy, under the terms of the treaty, must reduce its destroyer tonnage to 150,000.

"Great Britain and Japan also are over the treaty limit with respect to destroyers, and must effect a reduction, Great Britain to 150,000 tons, and Japan to 105,450 tons.

"The three nations, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, also are over the limit in submarine tonnage. The treaty allows 52,700 tons to each.

"The submarine strength of this nation, as represented by submarines built, building, or appropriated for, is 90,810; that of Great Britain, 63,324, and that of Japan, 77,842.

"The reduction program announced by Admiral Pratt will not affect battle-ships, the number of these not having been disturbed by the London treaty."

EDITORIAL onlookers are pleased, or perturbed, by this reduction. For instance, the Washington *Post* says "it appears that the Navy is to be operated on a pitifully small margin of strength," while the Troy *Record* holds that "we are going to keep our Navy trim and fit for service; we are not going to add ship after ship until we have a fighting force which would cause not only Europe but South America to fear us."

"Any evidence that the Administration is hacking at the great outlay (for armament) is all to the good," remarks the Baltimore *Sun*, while the Hartford *Courant*, pointing out that "the Administration has been quick to carry out the terms of the treaty by reduction," adds that "it should be no less earnest in urging the fulfilment of the treaty by the construction of those vessels in which the Navy is deficient."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE nation spoiling for a fight usually fights for the spoils.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

PROSPERITY has been reported around the corner, but somehow we can't locate the corner.—*Miami Herald.*

EUROPEAN nations are afraid if they put down their arms, they will have to put up their hands.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

ONE reason why it is hard to understand woman is because she never wants to make herself plain.—*Louisville Times.*

POLITICAL life in South America is just one dictator after another—with the odds on the pursuer.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Too bad Noah can't be here to tell the G. O. P. how to load an elephant and a camel in the same vehicle.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

PROFESSOR says Columbus stage-managed discovery of America. And succeeded in starting a continuous run.—*Dallas News.*

HENRY FORD in *Looking Forward* predicts twenty-seven dollars a day for workers in 1950. Can we hold out till then?—*Minneapolis Journal.*

OUR mail convinces us that not a single sucker list was lost in the great market collapse in the latter part of 1929.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

THOMAS EDISON is wasting time trying to extract rubber from goldenrod when he can get the pure product by opening a clam shell.—*Ohio State Journal.*

AT the instigation of the United States, this country and Canada are about to celebrate a hundred years of peace by engaging in a tariff war.—*Asheville Times.*

A CANDIDATE for office in Texas accuses his opponent of being a ukulele player. If that doesn't beat him, then Texas isn't Texas any more.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

COUNT KEYSERLING says that he doesn't always understand, at first, what he writes. The Count, however, has the advantage of wanting to read it again.—*New York Evening Post.*

SOME sentences in Spanish were recently spoken in an American talkie. Quite a number of listeners detected the difference.—*Passing Show (London).*

A JAZZ band plays every day at a London railway station. The idea is to encourage passengers not to loiter about and miss their trains.—*The Humorist (London).*

A WISE President of any South American republic would be a fellow who would have the foresight to draw the salary for his full term in advance.—*Louisville Times.*

WHATEVER this mercurial people gets in place of Prohibition—in the improbable event it gets anything—is practically certain to be something it doesn't want.—*Weston Leader.*

EVEN after a fellow gets himself elected President of one of those South American countries he still needs a little money in reserve for running expenses.—*Southern Lumberman.*

'S ALL right to increase the postal rates. We'd suggest about a dollar and a half for those letters with the sun parlor effect that arrive around the first of the month.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"IT is unlikely that the Martians have ever tried to get to this earth, altho they must know a great deal about it," says an astronomer. That probably explains why they have never tried to get here.—*The Humorist.*

NEW YORK producers are putting on starless plays, which results in playless stars.—*Weston Leader.*

To hasten the return of good times, buy your Christmas presents early.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

MUSSOLINI will be amused when he reads that it takes fifty-nine men to rule the United States.—*Duluth Herald.*

FORTUNATELY for father, Willie's history teacher isn't requiring any home-work on the Chinese War.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IF Mr. Edison succeeds in enabling aviators to see through a fog, maybe he can do something for the politicians.—*Indianapolis News.*

THERE seems to be very little unemployment among persons who make a business of relieving something.—*San Diego Union.*

A PSYCHOLOGIST asserts that the average woman's thoughts are above her dress. On her hat, presumably.—*Passing Show.*

CALVIN COOLIDGE will go down in history as the President who, tho he didn't make any breaks, got all of them.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

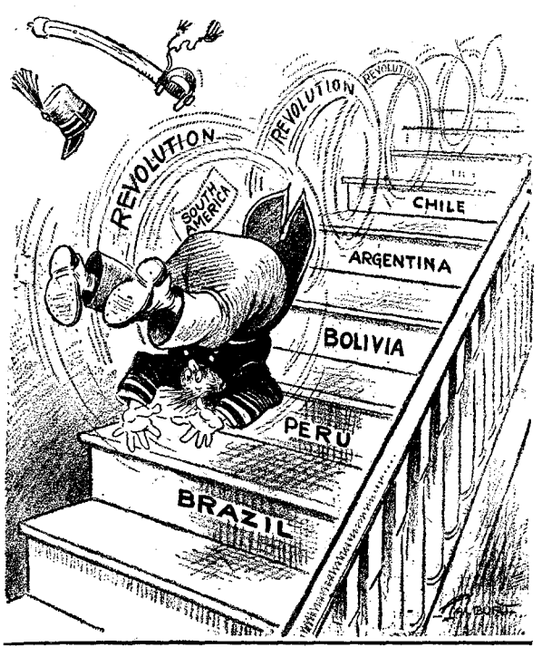
IF this nation is not full of class-conscious young men, the sophomores have not been doing their duty by the freshmen.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AND getting our last winter's suit down out of the attic we find that during the summer there has been no unemployment or starvation among the moths.—*Judge.*

A FRENCH writer says American overproduction is due to the fact that Americans overwork. We strive so hard for our daily bread that we get a loaf.—*Miami News.*

MR. GERARD has offered no explanation for his strange omission of the names of designers of women's styles from the list of the real rulers of America.—*Asheville Times.*

TAMMANY Chief Curry was deeply insulted by the grand jury's questions, and left the courtroom in anger. He and Bishop Cannon ought to know each other.—*The New Yorker.*



Ain't There no End to This?

—Talburt in the Washington "News"

WE are unfamiliar with the nomenclature of Tom Thumb golf courses, but assume that an eagle becomes a June bug and a birdie a flea.—*Weston Leader.*

HUGE election gains made by the Hitler repudiationists indicate that the German people would rather risk paying for a new war than settle for an old one.—*Weston Leader.*

CALIFORNIA scientist says the aborigines were not very expert with the bow and arrow. And the only person still using that weapon, Dan Cupid, doesn't always seem to be so hot as a marksman, either.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SCIENTIST describes the South Dakota of a million years ago as a broad lake about which land and water forms of rhinoceroses wandered. It is now a broad land area about which wet and dry forms of elephants wander.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IN Nebraska, we read, a special car with a magnet attached is used by the authorities for collecting the nails and odd pieces of metal on the roads. Most cars do that easily enough with the help of nothing but pneumatic tires.—*The Humorist.*

A REPORT from Tarentum, Pennsylvania, says that high-school students, for their sins, are required to copy pages of the *Congressional Record.* The Great War taught us, however, that we should not put much faith in atrocity stories.—*The New Yorker.*

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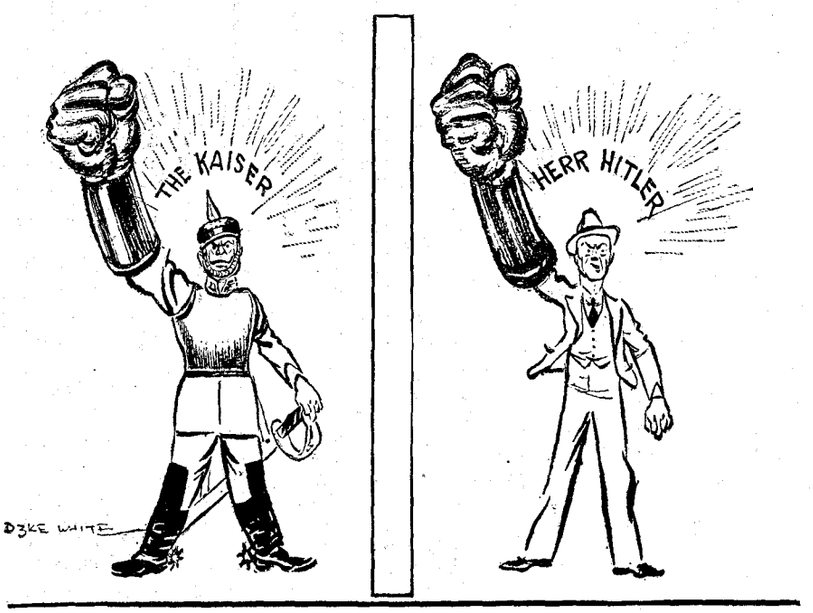
FOREIGN COMMENT

Dangerous Days in Europe

COMFORTABLE TALKS about the federation of Europe, disarmament, international friendship, and other pleasant themes are admirable, but some European observers warn us against the danger that lies in them.

They claim that we are liable to be lulled into a false sense of security by such smooth phrases.

What we must keep in mind, they say, is that Europe has many elements of discord, and that in the final resort it depends upon the plain people to insist on keeping the solemn promises freely made that there shall be no more war there.



The Contrast in Germany

Once—The Mailed Fist for Europe. To-day—The Mailed Fist for Germany. —"The Record" (Glasgow).

But a famous European correspondent, Sisley Huddleston, sees grave danger in European conditions. In *The New Statesman* (London), he says the peril most of all to be feared is Hitlerism in Germany.

As leader of the second largest political party in Germany, it is said, Hitler might bring about a catastrophic upheaval not only in his own country but in all Europe.

That violence seems to be the first thought of the Hitlerites appears from the Berlin press dispatches describing the opening session of the most radical Reichstag in German history.

Windows were smashed in the German capital, stones flung, and shots fired when a Fascist mob went on the rampage.

It was an ominous way, we are told, of impressing Berliners with the fact that the new Reichstag contains 107 Fascists, where it had only twelve before.

Many big Jewish-owned stores and cafés had their shop windows smashed with the cry of "Down with the Jews!" from young rioters of the National Socialist storm troops.

Policemen were injured by brickbats hurled into groups of them by the rioters. Yet Berlin correspondents praised the police who, they say, through their forbearance prevented bloodshed and death.

The country that has most to fear from Hitlerism, according to Sisley Huddleston, and has everything to gain by the peaceful preservation of things as they are in Europe, is France.

France has everything to lose by the violent overthrow of the Versailles Treaty, which is perhaps the chief objective of the Hitlerites. French policy has been constantly directed to the consolidation of the Europe of 1919 and, we are advised:

"It would be strange were it otherwise; for France played a foremost part in shaping the Europe of 1919. Diplomatic methods have undergone some change, from Poincarism to Briandism, but the objective is unchanged.

"It was good policy to try to make Germany content with its lot; to offer concessions which might serve to make Germany more content; to forward the cause of the League, to enter into peace pacts, to advocate European Federation.

"But lately it has been obvious that Germany, which found it to its advantage to follow the French lead, and to obtain from peaceful cooperation all that peaceful cooperation could offer, is now beginning to ask itself whether it is not strong enough to alter its tone.

"With the liberation of the Rhineland it felt free to intimate that the Versailles Treaty was never accepted but was imposed upon it. This intimation has been more or less discreet in accordance with the degree of discretion of responsible or irresponsible politicians.

"The song is the same, whether hummed softly or stridently screamed. Treviranus began to sing it loudly, and now Hitler sings it deafeningly."

At first, we are then advised, when the Hitlerites, variously known as the German Fascists, or National Socialists, or Nazis, became the second largest party in Germany, with a voting strength of six and a half million, it is said that the prospect of power would cause Hitler to think of the difficulties in the execution of his policies.

The common political experience of all countries, it is noted, is that the best way to tame extremists is to give them office. But there may be exceptions to this rule:

"Hitler, who is nearer his goal than was generally anticipated, repeats his program with at least equal emphasis, and he repeats it from a higher platform and under a louder sounding-board.

"He does not acknowledge any intention of reaching power by illegal methods, but he acknowledges that when once it is reached he will exercise it in what the world would regard as an illegal manner.

"He will not use the bullet before using the ballot; but he will use the ballot in order that he may, if need be, use the bullet. He will not seek to effect a *coup d'état* in Germany; but he will effect a *coup d'état* in Europe.

"Now, a *coup d'état* in Germany would be bad enough; it might produce social and economic anarchy.

"But a *coup d'état* in Europe would be infinitely worse; it might produce another great war. It is bad enough that he should, legally or illegally, exterminate his adversaries; but it is infinitely worse that he should repudiate the Versailles Treaty.

"The very threat puts Poland on the *qui vive*, and it has resulted in a hardening of French feeling. It is quite conceivable that Hitler has reached the summit of success, and there will be a reaction against men and methods who open up to the gaze of the German people such terrifying prospects.

"It is even conceivable that were Hitlerism to advance as Hitler boasts it will, Hitler himself would react against methods which are terrifying.

"But in the meantime, it seems to many people that he has gone some way to ruin the work of reconciliation.

"If he has not undone, he has at least halted, the efforts of Mr. Briand, and he has placed not only Germany but pacifism in a most unfavorable light."

Other causes for anxiety about Europe, we read then, may be seen in the whittling down of the Briand proposal for the United

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States of Europe into European cooperation of a loose, undefined, sentimental kind.

Even this reduced proposal, he adds, is interpreted in a dozen different ways and set down for future consideration—"buried not even with rhetorical flowers, but with cold, artificial wreaths." Mr. Huddleston continues:

"Whether we are revisionists or antirevisionists, we see the treaties menaced on all sides, and we can not but reflect on the dangers which, in the present organization of Europe, are inherent in the dispute between revisionists and antirevisionists.

"Whether we believe in force or in pacific methods, we see all over the Continent a perilous and clamorous insistence on rights and wrongs, claims and counter-claims. We see growing demands and growing resistance to those demands.

"We see national ambitions reasserting themselves and national oppositions being stiffened. It is not a happy picture, but it is not really a new picture; a veil has been pulled aside, and it is well that the veil should be pulled aside."

THE friction between France and Italy, it is pointed out, resulting from the failure of the Franco-Italian negotiations on naval standards, is one bad feature of the present European situation. But Mr. Huddleston maintains that the division between France and Italy is far deeper than is indicated by the question of naval parity. We read then:

"The most expert juggling with figures, and the finding of a formula which would concede the appearance of parity consistent with inferiority on one side, and the appearance of superiority consistent with a denial of parity on the other, would not touch the roots of Franco-Italian relations.

"For that matter, the rectification of the Libyan frontiers and the determination of the status of Italians in Tunisia would not necessarily affect the European problem which is raised by the rival aims of the two countries.

"The longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home, and it might be better for France and Italy to adjust their political conceptions before bothering with their naval problems, whose conditions would be radically altered were there a political settlement."

Getting Together in the Balkans

BLAMING EVERYTHING ON THE BALKANS, from unrest to war in Europe, is a familiar reproach to the miscellany of nations in Europe's southeastern section.

Talk of a Balkan conference, at which all these nations should meet as brothers, has also been heard for a long time.

Now we learn from an Athens dispatch to the Paris *Temps* that the six Balkan States met in that city. The Greek capital was resplendent with the flags of the respective delegations, while always in the middle stood out the Inter-Balkan standard.

The envoys met in the Greek Chamber of Deputies, and the meeting was presided over by a former Prime Minister of Greece, and head of the Greek delegation, Mr. Papanastasiou.

Albania was represented by ten members, Bulgaria by eleven, Greece by thirty, including experts, Roumania by thirty, Turkey by ten, and Jugo-Slavia by seven. The Greek presiding officer is quoted in *Le Temps* as having said:

"The idea of a Balkan union dates far back, and in the past it seemed Utopian. To-day, after the settlement of national disagreements that formerly moved the Balkan peoples to tear one another to pieces, this idea assumes a positive shape, and its realization seems possible and even inevitable.

"If we could make vocal the souls of all those who have suffered and died in the long struggles for the national idea of their Fatherland, they would say to us: 'Unite as one.'"

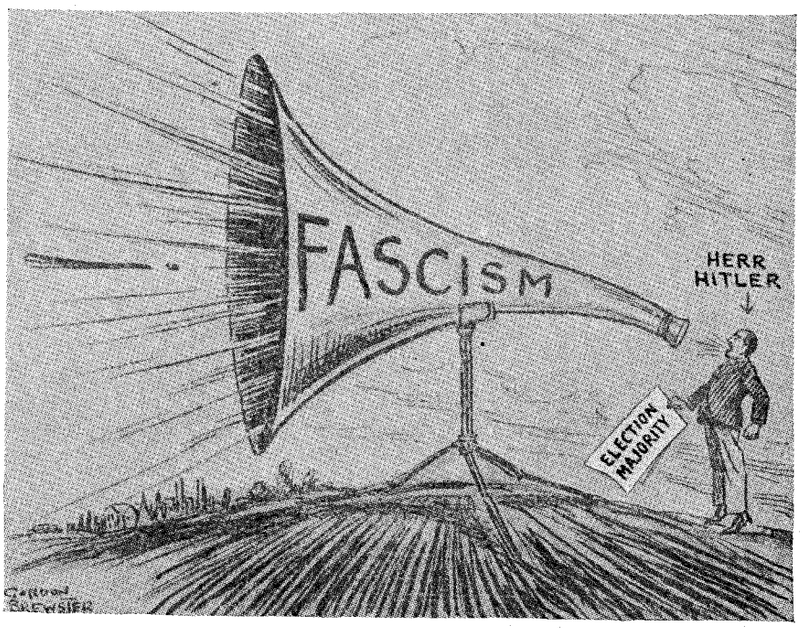
Down on the Farm in Soviet Russia

RUSSIA'S GIGANTIC EXPERIMENT in collective farming has been much ridiculed by many who can see no good in anything the Soviet Government does.

Of course collective farming is admittedly still in the earlier stage. But just how it goes on at present has been discovered by the Moscow correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*.

He tells us first of all that to see the peasants in full farming operation one must travel at least a day's journey by rail in a southern and southeastern direction from Moscow.

In the North and Central regions of the Soviet Union, he advises us, individual farming still is predominant. Most of the peasants, we are told, do not like the Commune. They prefer the "artel," another form of collective farming which is described later.



The "Big Noise" in Germany
—"The Evening Herald" (Dublin).

BUT in the rich grain belts of the lower Volga, the North Caucasus and Southern Ukrainia, it appears that there are regions where half or two-thirds even of the peasant households and an even larger proportion of the land belong to collective farms.

Southeast of Saratov, in the steppes which are capable of producing excellent grain crops, is the Commune of Stalin, where we get this picture:

"Here over 400 peasant families are living under a régime, which, in poverty and obedience to a common rule, if not in chastity, suggests the regulations of medieval monastic communities.

"All idea of personal enrichment is abandoned in this commune. Not only the land, working animals, and machinery, but the smaller farm animals, such as pigs, chickens, and sheep, are the property of the community.

"The members eat at a common table, where the diet, abundant in quantity, but somewhat monotonous in content, consists of bread, beet and vegetable soups, with meat and golushki, or dough-balls, potatoes, and, in season, melons and tomatoes.

"The management of the Commune buys manufactured goods with the proceeds of the sale of its surplus grain. Here, as everywhere at the present time, there was a sharp lack of city products; the cooperative store which was established on the premises of the Commune had on its shelves a few bolts of cloth and textile goods, a few pairs of boots, and correspondingly meager supplies of other articles. When there is not enough of a given article

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to go round, a commission regulates its distribution to the most needy members of the Commune.

"The Commune possesses over a score of tractors, about half of which were laid up for repairs, 240 horses, 98 camels, 700 sheep, over 300 cows, 400 chickens, and 150 pigs.

"It had planted about 15,000 acres this year, and planned to increase this amount by 50 per cent. next year."

The housing problem, this informant goes on to say, is what bothers the Commune most. He found from ten to twenty people crowded in a single room. There was almost no space to spare except for beds and the small trunks containing the modest, personal possessions of the farm-workers.

But, we learn further, the majority of the peasants do not

The Grisly New Wall of China.

—"Il '420'" (Florence).

like the Commune with its almost complete renunciation of property.

MUCH more wide-spread, it seems, is the "artel," of which an example was found in the "Red October," a large collective farm with 1,200 families and over 20,000 acres of planted land, with its headquarters in the town of Bikobo on the Volga. *The Guardian's* correspondent continues:

"Here the land, the working animals, and machinery were common property, and one could see the members working in large groups in the fields together.

"But each family kept its own house and a patch of garden land; all except the poorest had a cow as individual property, together with a few chickens and perhaps a pig.

"There was no public dining-room in the 'Red October'; but food was served to the members who were threshing grain in the fields. Despite the fact that the collective farm possest fewer horses than its individual members owned in the preceding years, the planted acreage showed a substantial increase, and the manager of the farm, a worker from one of the neighboring Volga towns, interpreted this as a decisive proof of the superiority of the new agricultural methods."

China's Prize War Puzzle

THE LATEST MYSTERIOUS MOVE in the Chinese war game, it is said, is the intervention of "the Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang in China's free-for-all.

By amicable arrangement with the Nanking Government, the troops of the sturdy, impetuous son of Chan Tso-lin moved south of the Great Wall from the three Eastern provinces of Manchuria into Hopei, the former metropolitan province of Chihli, and took the province over from the Shansi troops of Yen Hsi-shan, who retired peacefully.

It is easy to record these facts, and, indeed, they were recorded three weeks ago in our pages, but the interpretation is as difficult as ever, say some British editors.

What really decided "the Young Marshal," they ask, to intervene in the mêlée?

One answer to this question is offered by the London *Economist*. Like all governments, whether democratic or despotic, it says, his régime depends upon his holding a certain measure of support from public opinion.

We might naturally think that the Chinese in Manchuria would not bother themselves much with the personal and party politics of China south of the Wall, for "they are colonial pioneers, who are glad to have left the problems and quarrels of the old country behind them," and all their energies are bent upon taking effective possession of a new country of vast potential wealth. But, *The Economist* points out:

"In their struggle to make Manchuria Chinese, they have not only to wrestle with nature—with frost and drought and cold. Their most formidable opponents are human competitors—the Russians and the Japanese.

"In spite of industrious Chinese railway-building and abortive Chinese railway-snatching, the two trunk railways in Manchuria remain respectively in Japanese and in Russian hands.

"Japan's military superiority to the local Chinese Government in Manchuria is so evidently overwhelming that there can be no question of the Chinese trying conclusions with the Japanese on this ground for an indefinite time to come.

"And Russia's military superiority was demonstrated last year to be just as overwhelming for practical purposes. Last year, it will be remembered, Chang Hsueh-liang's government tried to jostle the Russians out of their treaty rights in the Chinese Eastern Railway by a show of force.

"The experiment was a disastrous failure.

"The Russians hit back to the minimum extent necessary to compel the Manchurian Government to reinstate them. 'The Young Marshal' lost the greatest possible amount of 'face'; and his representatives are at this moment engaged in an aftermath of negotiations with the Soviet Government in which the diplomatic support of Nanking is appreciated."

INSTEAD of finding themselves this year with the Russians eliminated, and with only the Japanese to deal with, notes *The Economist*, the Chinese in Manchuria are rather further from their goal than they were before.

They are probably reflecting that there is no short cut, and that they can hope to win in the long run only by weight of numbers. In numbers lies their strength, it is said.

While the Russian and Japanese populations in Manchuria remain stationary, the Chinese population has been increasing lately at an average rate of something like three-quarters of a million souls a year. *The Economist* adds:

"This vast annual increase is produced by immigration; the immigrants come from Old China, south of the Wall; and from this point of view the Chinese in Manchuria are not indifferent to the politics of the Old Country.

"It does not much matter to them what persons or parties exercise authority there. It does matter, very much, that China proper should be united and at peace, because it is only under these conditions that the whole weight of 'the Four Hundred Millions' can be thrown into the scales of international competition in Manchuria until the Chinese scale tips the Russo-Japanese scale into the air."

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Van Gogh in Soviet Russia

VAN GOGH, THE BELGIAN PAINTER of stark life and nature, is a strange symbol of Soviet Russia.

Oddly enough, the one work of his that most exhibits the relationship between the man and the country is to be found in the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow.

This painting is called "La Ronde des Prisonniers," the prisoners' hopeless circling for exercise in the narrow space allotted them for fresh air. It was painted in the Asylum at Saint-Remy a year before the artist's death.

The parallel of Van Gogh and Russia is advanced by Harry Adsit Bull in *The International Studio* (New York), who finds that "the position of Russia among the other countries of the world offers an interesting analogy to the position of Vincent Van Gogh among the rest of modern painters."

What he sees about both of them is "an aura of fanatical individualism, the consuming fever of the voluntary outcast."

And in neither case, he thinks, "is it always possible to say where madness leaves off and genius begins."

Van Gogh was divided in his life. Coming from a race of preachers, he followed various careers, such as schoolmastering, painting and evangelism among the coal miners of Belgium. The wall between madness and sanity was often thin, and was finally broken by suicide.

Mr. Bull writes:

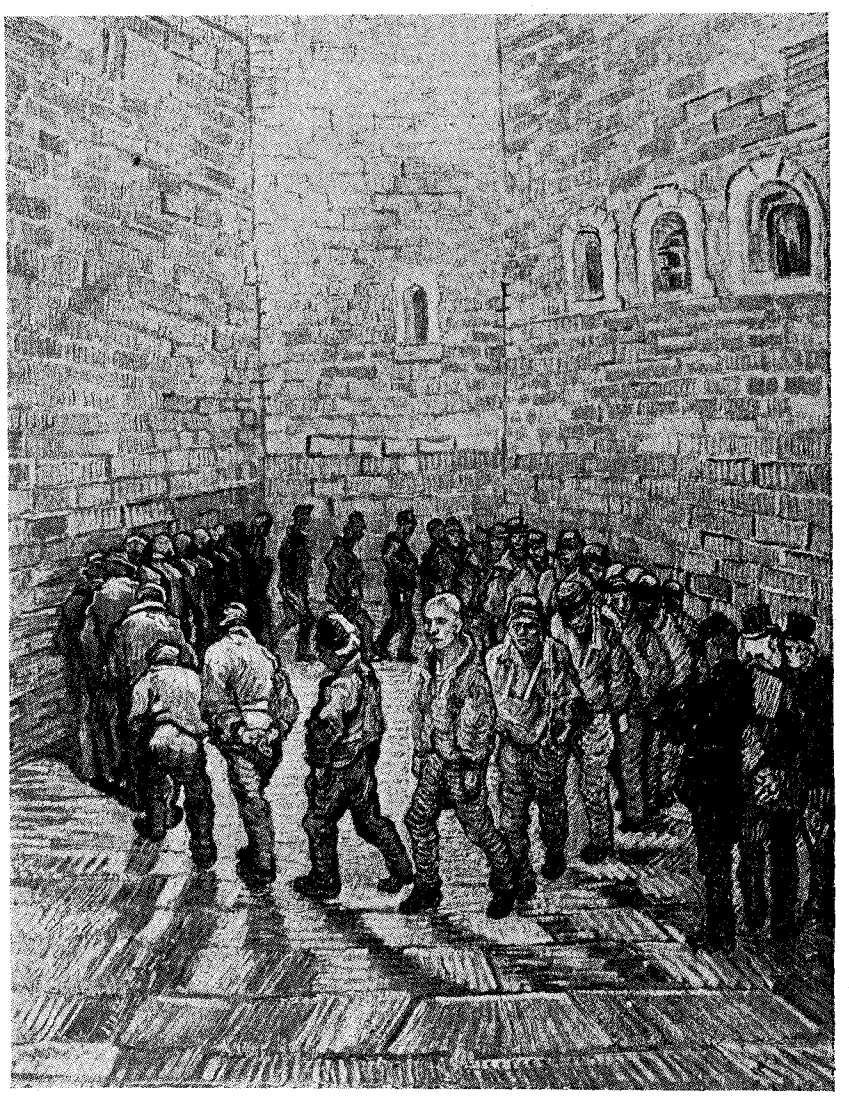
"It would never be possible to tell whether the most personal expression of the painter represents the flood tide of his genius, the proof of his madness, or a prophetic interpretation of the Soviet that has never been surpassed.

"Whichever it is, 'La Ronde des Prisonniers' is as significant a high spot in the 'Soviet Guide to Moscow' as in the catalog *raisonné* of de la Faille.

"Certainly this blue-and-green canvas painted in the asylum at Saint-Remy a year before the artist's death comes closer to giving the key-note to the U. S. S. R. than to the collection of which it forms a part—the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow. The suggestion is more subtle than any implication that the present régime has made a prison out of the country.

"All life is seen as a jail from which Van Gogh was presently to free himself; the mind is a cage in which thirty-three striped and shaven prisoners tread the circle in an antisocial gloom. This gloom is forced upon the heart of humanity from outside; it emanates from the church that cast out a too democratic clergyman in Belgium as from the bourgeois families represented by his parents.

"Nervously striving, confused, and never at rest, Russia today is in a world as hostile as ever irked Van Gogh at Neunen. Success is still problematical. One can but hope that the parallel will not be carried so far as to make it posthumous."



Courtesy of *The International Studio* (New York)

The Prisoners' Beat

A Van Gogh painting that found its way into Russia, and, according to Harry Adsit Bull, may well figure as its symbol.

OF course Van Gogh is not typical of the collection at the Museum of Western Art. He simply stands out as a symbol.

The collections upon which the museum is founded were made by S. I. Stchoukine and I. A. Morosoff, who seem to have been interested in collecting from points of view which are strangely in harmony with the Russian atmosphere of to-day.

Rénoir, Monet, Cezanne, also Degas, Gauguin, Lautrec—the list harmonizes with the paramount interest in French art among us. Mr. Bull proceeds:

"On the whole the development of painting from the middle of the nineteenth century can not be better illustrated anywhere. Moreover, since the nationalization of the Stchoukine and Morosoff collections in 1918 and 1919, respectively, additions have been made from the Tretiakov Gallery, now a purely Russian museum, where earlier purchases had been made under the direction of Mr. Morosoff himself.

"The present Director of the combined gallery, Mr. Ternovetz, has further added works of the *avant-garde*, notably in 1925, when he visited the Exposition at Paris, both from Soviet funds and as gifts from the artists themselves.

"In the matter of Soviet museums and their funds it may be remarked, as Sir Martin Conway pointed out, that the government has gone to the most extraordinary and successful efforts to preserve and increase their treasures. But, as Sir Martin did not observe, there is an answer to all the hue and cry over the Soviet's disposal of some Old Masters in order to raise funds for maintenance and improvement, 'depriving the Russian people of their birthright.'

"Who was deprived when the Rembrandts first came to Russia? One might even argue that the handful now leaving

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the Hermitage ought rightly to be sold back to Holland, where there are not nearly as many as will remain in Leningrad.

"And in England, where the wails are loudest, what celebrated examples of Greek and Italian art have been removed from countries where they were long a birthright? In Russia to-day it is certainly worth while to part with a little of the old in order to keep up with the new."

The second illustration chosen from Mr. Bull's article is the little known "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" (Luncheon on the Grass) by Monet, now in Moscow, a version of that popular subject similar to his better known canvas in the Louvre:

"It was painted in 1866, almost contemporaneous with his two best works in the Havemeyer collection, before the engrossing interest in outdoor light removed his paintings from the sphere of general interest to the bosom of Clemenceau.

"Here we have a brilliant technician under the influence of Manet, not oblivious to Courbet, nor yet quite the master of this style which he could obviously have become."

Gauguin, another strange spirit, not unallied to Van Gogh, is also well represented in Moscow:

"The extraordinary popularity of Gauguin in Russia is best explained on grounds of an affinity to much bizarre, flat Russian painting. (The adjectives are employed literally, in no derogatory sense.) There is also the same pervading atmosphere of beautiful unavailing melancholy which is so familiar to readers of the Russian novel.

"This note of nostalgia is, however, conspicuously absent from the Museum of Modern Art. The visitor is excited almost to the point of shock. So much that is brilliant, so little deadwood, such serious attention, combine to charge the walls with waves of stimulation."

When Art Is Warm or Cold

THE PAINTER'S JARGON is a closed book to the mere layman.

What does he mean by "warm" and "cold" colors? Do we perspire or shiver in front of a canvas?

It is a question of psychology.

No; the layman sees the absolute color, red, blue, or yellow; and when he "knows what he likes," he is responding to a psychological impulse.

This philosophy of colors is far more important than we imagine. Most women understand it, or feel it instinctively, for it lies at the basis of taste in clothes.

Hermann Schletten gives us, in the Berlin *Illustrirte Zeitung*, some subtle points on the esthetics of paint as well as of attire:

"An exhibition of modern paintings is usually cold, a gallery of old masters, warm. The new colors are somewhat fresh, sober; the old are toned down, harmonious. With age, the colors have darkened and yellowed. That is why so many people prefer the old paintings.

"Every color can be either warm or cold.

"There is a warm blue which goes over into red, and there is a cold blue which tends toward white. A yellow, when warm, becomes orange; when cold, it is citron-hued; a warm red carries a yellow tint, a cold red is mingled with light blue.

"If one wishes to see color, one must note these differences. A dress produces a mottled effect when the colors are neither warm nor cold.

"Who recalls the typical German professor of former days? On his head he wore a broad felt hat which was brown in color. The tight-fitting suit was grayish-blue, his shoes were yellow, and his linen umbrella gray. With the umbrella opened over his head, he was a queer mixture of warm and cold. Beginning at the top, the umbrella was cold, the hat warm, his suit quite cold, and his feet, once again, warm.

"The old gentleman may have been a learned soul and a great scholar, but his exterior degraded him; he was unsympathetic to the eye and a veritable figure of comedy.

"Once I saw a similar type in a restaurant on the Lido. He got up from his chair, and, brandishing his umbrella, he called after the waiter in angry tones: '*Cameriero*' (instead of '*cameriere*') All laughed at him, for he was acting the part of the comedian.

"The Italians often laugh at strangers who look different from themselves. And yet they really shouldn't, for they are the most colorful of Europeans: they are color fanatics to the extreme, and they like wearing all the colors of the rainbow. It is merely their strong sunshine, transfiguring everything, which makes this mixture of colors bearable."

To choose the right color is difficult, and only the elect know how to do it, this writer continues. A harmonious combination gives us a sense of well-being. The person who is harmonious in the color of his clothing appears to be fine and sympathetic. Note an example of the opposite:

"Once I was sitting in the Munich *Hofgarten*. It was Easter Sunday, and the fashionable world was showing off its new clothes. Two of my neighbors at the table were young girls. I heard one of them say: 'Look, there goes Annie. She has no taste. She is wearing three colors.' This remark pleased me, and I looked at the speaker and then at Annie, who really had no taste. She wore three pronounced colors: a warm deep red, a cold green, and an ice-cold violet. The number of colors was not the worst thing, but the ugly combination. Each color burst forth, as it were, and tried to dominate the others; while they defended themselves. A color war was the result.

"Animated by this experience, I began to examine the parade with an eye to the color combinations of the individuals, and as a result I arrived at the basic error of taste, the thoughtless mixture of warm and cold in color.

"My theory, which was formed then, gradually became a law of esthetics.

"A lady passed by whose colors actually screamed at one another in their ugliness, and yet her face bore a look of complete satisfaction with her own taste. Then others passed by with wonderful color symphonies in the folds of their gowns. They did not know why they were the chosen few who were silently beautiful, the beauty that is only felt. But I saw it: the repulsion was in warm and cold, the attraction in warm or cold."

The matter now becomes frightfully personal; the question inevitably is: "What should I wear? Which color is most becoming to me?"

"That depends on whether you have a warm or a cold face. Like to like. If you have a healthy glowing color, with deep blond hair, you are warm, and should wear warm colors. If your cheeks are a bit too red, cold colors would accentuate them, whereas warm colors would refine your complexion.

"Reddish, blond, golden hair, deep and brilliant, is beautifully complemented by a dark, emerald-green dress. If your face is pale, then you are cold, and should wear cold, faint colors, blue, and silvery tones. If you do so, you will no longer envy the rosy cheeks of your best friend.

"Very light blonds are also cold, and should wear light, delicate colors, pastel shades of blue, rose, and cold lavender. The whole appearance must be accentuated in light and dreamy tones. If you are pale, with full, red lips, and deep black hair with a bluish sheen, then you should wear dark, glowing colors, such as peacock blue, wine red, or deep orange.

"Really, ladies have no difficulties to-day with the beautiful colors now on the market. We painters had always regretted that our day no longer produced the lovely materials of past centuries. The colors of Titian have been forgotten.

"At present, we are going through a renaissance of color. And women have become more beautiful because of it. But they must learn to make the correct decisions.

"If a woman wishes to appear a bit outside of the color scheme, and if it suits her, she can add a bit of cold in a single piece of jewelry attached to some part of her costume, to the warm color she wears. Such an effect can even be produced by the stone in her ring. It can be very effective, but also daring.

"The same theory can be applied to men, and they often sin more grievously than the women in this respect. Even tho their choice is limited, due to the fact that their suitings are more neutral in color, they must see to it that the color worn is suitable to their skin.

"The man's most dangerous spot is quite close to his face, his tie. It is here that he wishes to express himself, to relieve the monotony of his suit by a dash of color. The tie reveals the character of the wearer, be his nature gentle or brutal, refined or common. Many a tie has destined the fate of its owner."

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Shakespeare's Troublous Course

"RICHARD III" IS MAKING LONDON laugh, which shows how even the great Bard's melodrama succeeds in moving sophisticates of to-day.

Hannen Swaffer, the dramatic critic of the London *Daily Express*, draws a somber picture of the present-day success of Shakespeare on the London stage.

"Richard III," with the hero performed by Baliol Holloway, is the latest offering of an unusually long series that Mr. Swaffer reviews. It should be borne in mind, however, that he treats of the fashionable theaters. Shakespeare is a constant fare at the Old Vic, a people's theater on the Surrey side, and he is listened to gladly there. The critic writes with a tempered optimism:

"I hope that the Holloway revival of 'Richard III' will meet with a better fate than the other recent attempts to popularize Shakespeare in the West End.

"John Gielgud's *Hamlet*, moved from the Old Vic, lost money. Moissi's *Hamlet* at the theater next door was a failure.

"Ainley's production of 'Much Ado About Nothing,' with himself as *Benedick* and Madge Titheradge as *Beatrice*, also failed.

"Paul Robeson's *Othello* lost thousands. Basil Dean's attempt to inaugurate a new policy at Drury Lane with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was a very costly one.

"We all say we love Shakespeare, and yet, when they stage him for us, we seldom go.

"Sybil Thorndike's production of 'Henry VIII' at the Empire was, of course, an enormous success, but her 'Macbeth,' at Prince's, fell across troubled times.

"Shakespeare, I suppose, wants doing in the grand manner, with the prestige of a Tree dignifying the theater in which it is shown.

"Ainley's *Hamlet* is down to follow 'The First Mrs. Fraser,' but the obstinate success of that comedy delays its production month after month.

"John Barrymore's *Hamlet* in the same theater was by no means a financial success."

Mr. Swaffer picks up a good story on the way:

"When I quoted some of Holloway's remarks about Colley Cibber's version, Mrs. F. O'Gorman wrote me to say that her father, in his old Trinity College days in Dublin, over a hundred years ago, used to tell the story of an actor, well known then, who made a great show of the way in which, replying to the words, 'My lord, we have taken Buckingham,' he declared, ''Tis well. Off with his head. So much for Buckingham.'

"On one occasion a super who had been hurriedly engaged rushed on and exclaimed, 'My lord, we have taken Buckingham and cut off his head.'

"The tragedian scowled, pulled himself together, and with tremendous emphasis replied, ''Tis well. Had it not been so, I would have said, "Off with his head; so much for Buckingham."'

"Still, the one was as much Shakespeare as the other."

THE difficulty of putting *Richard* over these days is illustrated in Mr. Swaffer's account of the current production:

"It was a long 'Richard III.' We had nearly four hours of blood and murder before we saw the six ghosts, and then the battle and death duel between *Richard* and his successor.

"As for the kingdom-for-a-horse scene and the duel that followed it, it will long be remembered. The two-men fight was worthy of Douglas Fairbanks and John Barrymore. Holloway, exhausted and spent, sank to the ground, and then, in a last effort to kill his enemy, who stood unprotected, died grovelling at his feet. That scene would please even the fans of poor Lon Chaney. It was melodramatic acting at its best. And, heavens, 'Richard III' is a melodramatic play!

"The audience, indeed, took some of the scenes just as they used to treat 'transpontine' drama. They laughed, with *Richard*, at his villainy. I have known Shakespeare received like that on tour, but never before so far west as Charing Cross-road.

"That, after all, is the right way to act this gruesome play, which excels even 'On the Spot' [Edgar Wallace's play of Chicago gunmen] for blood and villainy."

Courtesy of *The International Studio* (New York)

Luncheon on the Grass

Monet in 1866 was following the style of Manet, from which he widely departed in later years.

The Cover

NO keener hunters than the two dogs on the cover could be found.

Those to whom the autumn season means fields, woods, dogs, and guns will relish this double portrait.

The color of a sunny fall day is conveyed in the animals' coats, the grass, and the bushes. We read of the artist:

"Edmund Osthaus was born on the fifth of August, 1858, in Hildesheim, Germany. In his earliest boyhood days he always showed a tremendous fondness for the out-of-doors, and particularly for animals.

"Early efforts to depict his pets with pencil and brush did not meet with any great encouragement from his parents, but persistence finally won out and, after preliminary training in school, he spent several years at the Art Academies of Düsseldorf and Munich.

"In 1883, Mr. Osthaus came to this country, where he found a very fertile field for his efforts because of the great number of sportsmen interested in dogs and horses. He regularly attended field trials, where pointers and setters are run in competition in the quest of game, and it was not long before his paintings of hunting scenes and his high principles of sportsmanship earned him high recognition in the sporting world.

"Dividing his time between these outdoor activities and the School of Art which he established in Toledo, Ohio, Mr. Osthaus found his paintings becoming more in demand, and he was soon forced to give up his art teaching in order to devote all his time to the painting of portraits of the dogs and horses of sportsmen."

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Is the Stage Like the Augean Stables?

"REEKING WITH FILTH."

That is what Cardinal Hayes says of the stage of to-day, and he laments that there seems to be no power in New York City to stop what he considers its indecent trend.

It is an old battle-cry, but it is the first time, we are told, that Cardinal Hayes has turned his guns on the present condition of the stage. Many complaints have been uttered against certain plays this season, but none, so far, has been removed from the boards. In certain productions have appeared women whose clothing was little more than make-believe, and obscenity and profanity, it is said, have been outstanding in the lines.

Having these things in mind, Cardinal Hayes rides hard to the charge.

As head of the greatest Roman Catholic archdiocese in the Western world, and popular among all faiths, his words will carry weight with a multitude. Tho a hard worker, he carries his sixty-three years lightly, and his blue eyes are said to reflect the keen mind behind them. Because of his interest in the United Charities, he is sometimes known as the "Cardinal of Charity." During the war he was in charge of all the Roman Catholic chaplains, and was sometimes referred to as the "War Bishop"—a title appropriate now for the moment.

His utterances, we read in the New York *Times*, are considered especially significant in view of the fact that the Catholic Theater Movement, under the leadership of Monsignor Michael L. Lavelle, has waged a formal campaign against certain plays.

The Cardinal was addressing the Guild of Catholic Lawyers, attended by some five hundred members of the bar, when he denounced the moral "filth" that has been brought to his attention. He said, we read in *The Times:*

"We have jails only for those who can not control themselves and those who are not just to their fellow-men, but we have no jails for those who are not just toward God. We have jails only for those who seem to take life and property—things that we see and touch and are under our eye.

"And to-day in this economic system that has brought on depression, financial depression, we are very sensitive to the depression; very sensitive to it.

"Oh, would that we were equally sensitive to the moral depression at times—to the low standards of morality.

"We have a stage that is reeking, reeking with filth, and there seems to be no power in the city of New York to stop it."

International photograph

"Reeking with Filth"

Says Cardinal Hayes of the stage in New York.

THEATRICAL men for the most part were reticent about commenting on Cardinal Hayes's grave charge, we read, but some did speak, rather emphatically.

"I think it is unfortunate that the stage exposes itself to these attacks, and also unfortunate that undesirable productions are given so much attention and publicity," says Arthur Hopkins, producer and president of the League of New York Theaters, as he is quoted in *The Times*.

Summarizing Cardinal Hayes's charges as drastic and unjust, Edward Childs Carpenter, president of the Dramatists' Guild, which is affiliated with the Authors' League of America, declares:

"It is true that among every season's flock of plays several productions may be found that overstep the bounds of good taste, but the presence of a few black sheep is no more reason to condemn the whole flock than it is to condemn the whole ministry because a few clergymen here and there fail to observe the Ten Commandments.

"Must the theater be more charitable than the Church?"

"I ALWAYS thought we had a law to protect the public," says A. H. Woods, also a producer. "If the stage is reeking with filth, all the public has to do is to make a complaint. Why do they always attack the theater? Why don't they investigate the dance-halls and night clubs? People these days don't go to see a play because of its filth."

Regretting "exceedingly that a man of Cardinal Hayes's eminence, whose opinion is so valuable, should feel as he does," Frank Gillmore, president of the Actors' Equity Association, says: "We ourselves are optimistic in believing that a change can be brought about, if desired." Mr. Gillmore adds that Equity only hopes a trial will be given its proposed methods for self-regulation in the theater. This calls for the appointment of a jury composed of actors, playwrights, managers and representatives of the public to pass on productions against which complaints have been made.

But John Golden, producer, believes that "there is enough truth in Cardinal Hayes's statement to make it reasonable." He says, however:

"To condemn the theater as a whole, however, is manifestly unfair. Some of us managers have been called 'innocuous and old-fashioned' because of our methods. I'm tickled to death to be with this type of manager. It is true that a goodly share of the public is being won away from the theater by present conditions."

But it is difficult to determine exactly where to draw the line and to find a generally accepted meaning of the word "decency," in the opinion of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. This Southern paper contends that the Christian Church has been generally opposed to all secular drama, and recites:

"All the attacks on the stage from Jeremy Collier's 'The Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage' (1698) down to Cardinal Hayes's statement have repeated the same charges. "The only difference is that older plays are more or less accepted by the Church, while the contemporary stage is always denounced.

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"Cardinal Hayes would certainly not object to productions of Shakespeare's 'Othello' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' but they were the plays denounced most viciously by Collier. And altho we have no desire whatever to compare Collier and Cardinal Hayes, their epithets, as well as those of all opponents of the stage, are strikingly similar.

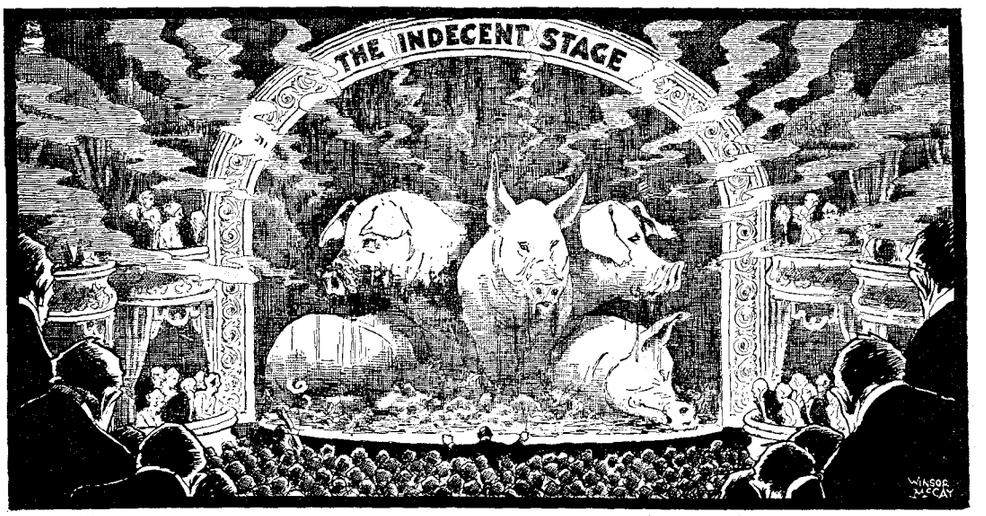
"As a rule the Church specifically opposes bawdy language, profanity, and nudity.

"But all three of these things are bafflingly relative. Even situations involving what moralists call moral turpitude are difficult to judge consistently. Sophocles's 'Œdipus' treats of incest, and so does O'Neill's 'Desire Under the Elms.' It is the contemporaneity of the latter which annoys the censors. As for profanity, the oaths of the Elizabethans are meaningless to us.

"No doubt in every age we must have guardians of public morals.

"A check on the license of some men may be needed, but the consistently antagonistic attitude of the Church to practically everything theatrical seems extreme.

"Even if the word 'decency' does have some central definition, it seems to us that before we use it we might ask whether we are not reading into a modern situation the meaning of an earlier age."



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Indecent Stage Productions

—McCay in the New York "American."

But the New York *American*, which is on the spot, agrees with Cardinal Hayes's denunciation. "Good plays are still produced; certain playwrights, managers, and actors, fortunately, will not produce any but plays that are respectable and not offensive to good morals," it concedes. "But it is also the fact, unfortunately, that the stage in New York, as a whole, is not decent, that it is, as Cardinal Hayes says, 'reeking with filth,' degrading to public morals and offensive to decent citizenship."

That facile excuse of some producers, "We give the public what it wants," does not appeal to *The American*. Says the New York paper:

"They do nothing of the kind.

"They force indecency upon the theater-going public, and, giving no warning and very little choice, produce plays in which indecency, blasphemy, and the basest immorality are the mainsprings of 'interest.'

"The writer or producer of a filthy play does not give the public what it 'wants,' and this is proved by the overwhelming success of good, decent plays, when they are produced.

"Read the list of great stage productions in the past. It is not a list of productions relying for success on indecency.

"It is not true that the producer of indecent plays gives the public what it wants."

The public does not want indecency, exclaims *The American:*

"It does not want to hear women on the stage cursing, blaspheming.

"It does not want to see women stript almost naked like animals hung up in a butcher shop; it does not want to hear the name of God taken in vain by actors.

"The public mind is a clean mind. The people of this city are not longing for indecency. They do not find filth amusing.

"They object when it is forced upon their children, upon young people that go to see a play, not knowing its character.

"Producers that have themselves lived in indecency become callous to it, and mistake the public temper and taste.

"Against such playwrights, producers, and managers the public should be protected by law.

"There should be established a stage censorship as there is a censorship of the screen, a censorship made up of experienced, decent men and women, held responsible for the decency of stage production."

Shall We Leave China to Its Fate?

SHOULD CHINA BE ABANDONED by those who have befriended her in the past?

Is there any use in trying to help a country torn by civil strife, subject to all forms of banditry, endangering the lives of missionaries and often driving them from their posts?

This is the question which *The Reformed Church Messenger* puts to itself.

To desert China now, it thinks, would be the counsel of despair, and *The Messenger* asserts emphatically:

"We simply can not afford to let China alone.

"Never has that great land been more in need of true friendship. Even if the overtures of helpfulness are despised and neglected, they must be offered with greater urgency.

"For one thing, we must not even for a single moment forget 'the fact of China.' It is a tremendous fact, an unescapable reality.

"Within the borders of that country now so racked with travail are approximately one-fourth of all the people in the world.

"Who can doubt the influence which a rapidly developing China will have upon the weal or wo of the world?

"Here, indeed, is a case of Christ or chaos. If a godless philosophy dominates in the building of the new China, it may well spell the doom of mankind."

Millions in China, points out *The Messenger*, are not responsible for the serious political and economic problems now causing so much misery. And, it pleads:

"Most of all, let us think of the children.

"Instead of focusing our attention upon the civil wars, the strife and unrest, the foolish restrictions against the teaching of religion, and the other excesses which are inevitable in the present situation, let us again 'set the child in the midst.'

"All that has happened has meant great suffering to little children. Nor are all the needy children in the immediate war zone. There are many areas in that vast territory where life runs along much as in normal times, but boys and girls are suffering from the congestion of population, the stark poverty, and the ignorance of the simplest rules of health and hygiene. Nothing hinders our helping these children—nothing except the lack of funds.

"Letters recently received by Mrs. John Allan Dougherty, managing director of China Child Welfare, tell of crowded baby clinics, where more mothers and babes line up daily at closing time than the doctors have been able to treat in a day. There is great need for the receiving homes for orphans or abandoned babies. The orphanages where children are being cared for by money raised by China Child Welfare have not been disturbed and the blessed work is going right on.

"No, the situation is not hopeless, either for missionary work or for child-welfare work in China. Let us focus our prayers

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and thoughts and gifts not on the unfortunate and sanguinary struggles between conflicting forces in that needy land, but rather on the good we can do in helping them now when help is so sorely needed. They must see in us the faithful friends who did not fail them in their time of trouble."

Finding God Through the Telescope

"DOCTOR, HAVE YOU ANY RELIGION?" asked a man of an astronomer.

"There are not any astronomers who believe in a deity, or any hereafter, are there?" asked another.

There are—many of them.

For instance, Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, professor of astronomy and director of Perkins Observatory at Ohio Wesleyan University, to whom the questions were put, is one of them.

True, he does not take his cosmology from Genesis, or shape his creed in the mold of yesterday.

Nevertheless, as he peers among the stars and ponders on the laws that govern them in their courses, he sees that "we live in a world of beauty, a world of motives, and a world of values based on standards other than the metric system."

His own researches into the spangled heavens have not robbed him of religion, for, he writes in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*, "to suppose that to accept the latest revelations of science means the decadence of things most worth while is to misjudge completely the purpose of scientific endeavor. Science and religion, when rightly scanned, give supplementary views to a picture of life vastly deficient when looked at from either standpoint alone."

A Watcher of the Skies

Who finds a Supreme Intelligence directing the stars in their courses. —Dr. Harlan T. Stetson.

Dr. Stetson does not subscribe to any formal creed. But "to abandon all cognizance of religion because of scientific inconsistencies with certain preconceived notions is as foolish as no longer to recognize gravity because Einstein has shown that all gravitational forces are illusory, and that the laws of falling bodies may be explained as an acceleration of coordinates."

NOR is Dr. Stetson worried because of man's insignificant size in comparison with the universe. "It is absurd," he says, "to belittle man's possibilities because Antares is a million million times as big as the earth." What is of much more significance to him is the thought of the unity of nature; "that in the protoplasm of each individual are the same elements of which the stars are made, and associated with that protoplasm is the ability to look into the starlit sky and conceive an all but unending universe. Into this world of mystery, for a little while, man comes to play his part," which "depends quite as much upon his religion as upon his science."

At the foundation of science, says Dr. Stetson, is the principle that the universe is orderly; and the belief that this expression of order is the expression of a superior Intelligence, an ultimate Personality, is a premise of all religion. Within certain limits, then, science can mold and has molded man's conceptions of deity. But—

"One who has come to appreciate something of the revelations of modern astronomy can hardly contemplate God as a deistic bogy or a capricious worker of magic, nor regard Him longer as a dispenser of favoritism to the holder of any specific creed. 'He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and His rain to fall on the just and on the unjust.'

"The exhibition of extraordinary phenomena may for a time defy scientific explanation. Of course, unknown laws may introduce effects unpredictable on the basis of any known law.

"But that persistent clinging to the belief of some sort of 'miracle,' where the law of cause and effect does not apply, is due to a gross misunderstanding of science on the one hand and religion on the other. It is the lurking of the *deus ex machina* idea of deity, both unscientific and unchristian.

"Those who regard creation as the continued expression of a Divine Presence can scarcely take satisfaction in thinking of the universe as a once perfect but now abandoned machine, the operation of which may be momentarily disorganized for a display of 'miracle' to satisfy the unbeliever that an absentee God looks in now and then on a forgotten régime."

AS science has changed conceptions of deity, continues Dr. Stetson, so has it called for a reinterpretation of the books of religion. "One no longer thinks of teaching astronomy or geology from the book of Genesis." On the other hand, "how much more pregnant with meaning does the Bible become to one who follows the glowing conception of God from the anthropomorphic Elohim of Genesis, through the patriarchal Yahweh of the nomadic Hebrews, the tribal king of Israel, to the conception of the universal Spirit shared by the individual, as taught by Jesus!" So, then:

"It is not without significance that many of the eminent men of science have been devout followers of religion. Among such may be mentioned Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Kelvin, and Pasteur.

"To-day there seems to be a slow but growing reaction to the materialistic philosophy of a generation ago.

"Professor Conklin, of Princeton, declares, as a biologist, that there is nothing in the evolution of animal behavior inconsistent with an ultimate purpose.

"Professor Russell, of the same institution, speaking for astronomy, said, 'Our fathers saw in mountain and valley the six days' work of a master craftsman. We see the operation of a Power so patient that not a mere thousand, but a million, years are but as one day in the accomplishment of its design . . . God never fails to surpass our human imaginations, and, if we are to believe in the kind of a God who alone is credible in these days of even partial knowledge of His works, we can safely trust such a God to provide for us some future which goes beyond our dreams.'

"Dr. R. A. Millikan, of California, who believes he has discovered a source for the recreation of matter from cosmic rays, closes his book on 'Science and Life' as follows:

"'If there be a man who does not believe either through the promptings of his religious faith or through the objective evidence which the evolutionary history of the world offers, in a progressive revelation of God to man; if there be a man who in neither of these two ways has come to feel that there is a meaning and a purpose for existence; if there be such thoroughgoing pessimism in this world, then may I and mine be kept as far as possible from contact with it. If the beauty, the meaning and the purpose of this life as revealed by both science and religion are all a dream, then let me dream on forever.'"

AS to denials of the belief in a life hereafter, scientists do not care to "make dogmatic statements in a realm all unknown." But—

"Now that physical science has made impossible a medieval cosmology and has reduced space and time to a rather visionary framework, perhaps some future psychical science shall yet evolve that shall discover that Mind, after all, is the one persisting reality."

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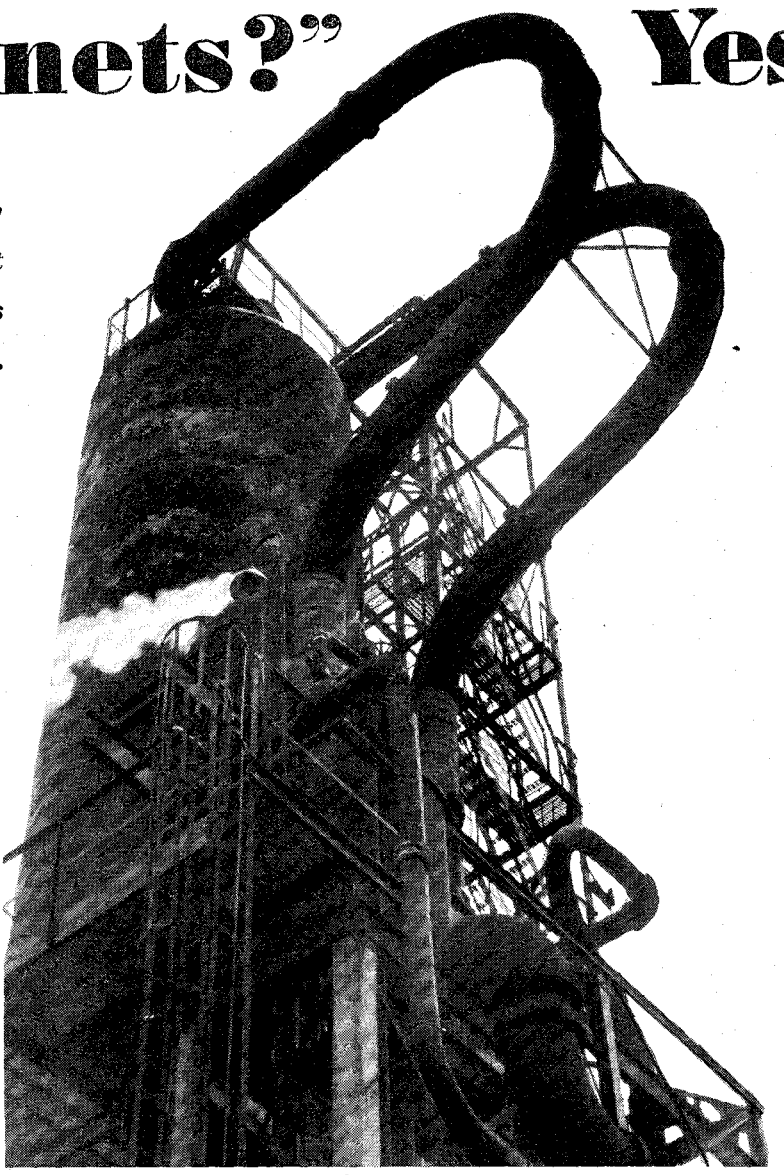

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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Lg. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Lg. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

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CURRENT POETRY

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THE literary world has taken Vergil out of the schoolroom and made him a human figure again, after 2,000 years—perhaps as old an anniversary as we've ever been called upon to celebrate. This tribute appears in *The Commonweal* (New York):

INVOCATION TO VERGIL

BY CHARLES BALLARD

Gently as in your time
Still falls on Umbrian hills the evening sunlight,
Before the gleaming bronze on fig and pear
Deepens to brown-purple;
And still at Paestum sighs into loveliness
The rose you cherished.

The western wanderer feels the selfsame thrill
That swept your heart, when snowy oxen
Trail over furrowed loam the loosened plow
At close of day.
Mopsus and Meliboeus, under other names,
Still watch their nonchalant flocks, and tune their reeds
To gentle airs—and in her wooden bowl
Another Phyllis carries from the orchard
The comb of dripping gold.

Return, O Master! Don the shepherd's coat,
And wander where you chiefly loved to roam.
Prune tree and vine, see Tityrus guide the goats
To grass and cool water. Come again
To watch the sea-line of the gilded bay,
Where, out of topaz mist, white wings and sails
Flash like a cry!

HERE'S one who failed to seize the minute, and the substantial blessing failed. From *The Household Magazine* (Topeka, Kan.):

GOING BACK

BY MONROE HEATH

I will go back once more, I said,
Before October's fire is fled.

Over trivial matters I delayed.
Then I went—why had I stayed?

I found that I had gone too late:
The valley lay inanimate.

The brook was shrunk, and crept along;
Sinister silence choked its song.

The gaunt white birches chilled my heart;
Like lonely ghosts, they leaned apart.

Oak leaves hung stiffly, shriveled, brown,
Too tired in death to flutter down.

Shrouded the hillsides, grey on grey.
Where was the glory of yesterday? . . .
The moment comes, and slips away.

THE *STEP LADDER* (Cedar Rapids, Ia.) dedicates its September number to an American poet:

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

(1917)

BY HOYT HUDSON

The bruit about your name is not immense—
Ten men I know have never heard of you—
But in the eager listening of a few
You have no slender meed of reverence.
We do not come for study, or defence,
To learn if you are old, or somewhat new,
Content to watch a wizard light gleam through
The shadowed twilight of your reticence.

Since Hamlet sank upon the palace floor
Has your shrewd wit been fairly fellowless,
And since one whispered of his lost Lenore
Has failed that darkling spell our hearts confess
In Tilbury Town, when tempered sunlight showers
Upon the man Flammonde among his autumn flowers.

THE *STAR BULLETIN* (Honolulu) utters an ode that will find sympathetic response in a few broad-minded cat lovers:

A ROVING ALLEY-CAT

BY MARY COCKBURN BOMKE

I'm an alley cat—
  A lean cat and lone.
A bad cat: a ragged cat and sad.
  I'm a lanky, scrawny, tailless cat,
A bobbed cat—a Tom.
  A hungry, fighting cat and mad,
The minstrel of the night—
  The still night: the dark night and light,
I'm no one's petting party.
  Not for me the cozy fireside or the hearth—
I'm no lap or cushion cat.
  But a night hawk bold and free
A wild cat—and glad!
  A half fed cat—and starved,
No ribbon 'round my neck,
No saucer filled with "muck,"
  I'm just living on my luck.
I'm a bold bad cat with fleas,
  The kind dogs like to tease.
I'm a target for your missiles and your jests—
  I've been sworn at and thrown at,
I'm lame and have but half an ear
  But my voice is strong and clear
As I sing my song of cheer
  On the back fence,
In the alley at the rear.

FROM far-away Australia (Melbourne *Herald*) comes a tribute to the one-time hero of many a schoolboy:

VALE—DEADWOOD DICK

BY C. J. DENNIS

Richard Clarke, who was the "Deadwood Dick" of Ned Buntine's famous "penny dreadfuls" of many years ago, died recently of old age in his home in South Dakota, aged 84.

Betwixt the Latin Primer's pages hid,
  Or masquerading in drab Euclid's guise
To be slipped quickly 'neath the ink-stained lid
  Of that scarred school-desk from stern, prying eyes—

A book with garish covers; while a boy,
  Whose rapt gaze matches studious intent,
Spurs on his mustang with fierce, furtive joy—
  And one more bandit to his doom is sent!

Thro' the dull schoolroom—"As we have it here"—
  The dreary voice drones on—"the dative case—"
The rifle speaks; and, plugged in mid-career,
  Another red-skin claws the prairie's face!

"Hands up, you varmint; for I've got the drop! . . .
  "Lines parallel, although extended, will——"
(A swift glance stolen o'er the Euclid's top
  Marks the coast clear)—And Deadwood gallops still.

Still thro' youth's dream he rides from that far day—
  Fantastic, yet a figure that persists
Tho' Virgil fade, great Caesar pass away
  And e'en Ulysses steal into the mists.

Full many a hero, splendid, debonair,
  Strides thro' those years between, that speed so quick;
But who, in all the muster, may compare
  With dashing, rare, romantic Deadwood Dick?

And tho', since then, full many a friend, most dear,
  Has watched Death come to him in aspect dread;
He who rode on with gaunt Death ever near
  Dies with his boots off, in a peaceful bed.

So, something more of youth goes with him here
  Who hits the lonely trail as mortals must;
Since now, for him who stood without a peer,
  Death's rifle cracks. And Deadwood bites the dust.

HERE is one in the London *Spectator* who still stands doubtful while the murmur of spirit messages grows louder around us:

ENTREATY UNANSWERED

BY RICHARD CHURCH

How far have you wandered
In three years of death,
Beyond the grave's gateway
And last roadsign of breath?

It seems, by comparing,
That those whom you left,
Have stood still, bewildered,
Frozen, bereft!

You may not regret this;
Maybe you forget
The Earth stiff and static
Where the eagles fret.

Blood, that sleep-potion;
And the indolent brain,
The leaden equipment
Of us who remain.

Such paraphernalia
And gross weight you dropped
At our hearts-side that moment
When your breathing stopped.

O Ganymede, vanished,
In *Mind* to carouse,
Have you no message
For our clod-rooted house?

THE world gives both fame and cruelty, but sometimes death is the savior from the last shaft. In *The New Yorker:*

TO GENIUS, DYING YOUNG

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

Though poor he lived among the throng,
And though obscure he died,
With a betrothal-ring of song
He made the world his bride.

But when, with trains from north and south,
She came to share his bed,
Death looked upon her cruel mouth
And would not let him wed.

NEVER let us quote against the English "It's a fine day, let's go out and kill something." It's in the blood of all of us, according to *Pasque Petals* (Aberdeen, So. Dak.):

HUNTING DUCKS

BY S. W. DIXON

Give me a gun and some old marsh,
  And the whistle of wild ducks' wings,
When the roar of my shotgun wakes the morn
  And a hundred flying things.

The mud hens patter across the pond,
  And the teal come whizzing in,
And the greenhead jumps from the grass beyond,
  And the hunters all begin.

With a pop, pop here, and a bang, bang there,
  The opening season's sign,
And the next duck comes from we know not where,
  Across the gray sky-line.

And we judge the speed and the proper lead,
  As only a hunter can.
There's honor, too, and a comradeship
  Among the hunter clan.
There's a swapping yarns and a friendly tip,
  And a meeting of man to man.

So give me a gun and some old marsh,
  And the whistle of wild ducks' wings,
When the roar of my shotgun wakes the morn
  And a hundred flying things.

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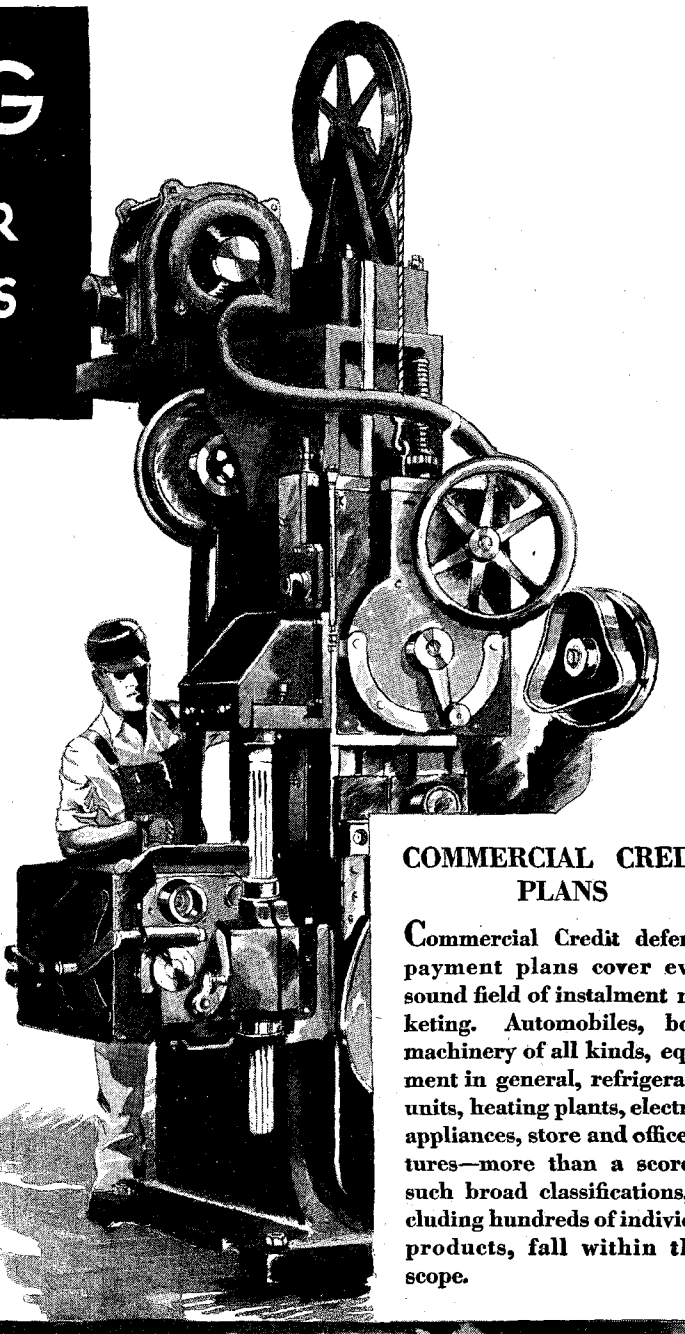

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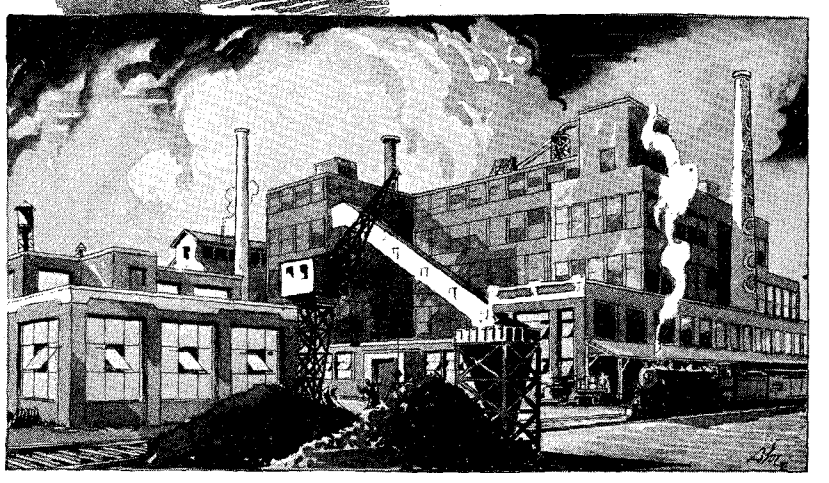

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TAKE THE WHEEL

. . . and re-capture your first big motoring thrill

Thousands upon thousands of American motoris have already driven The Eight as Buick Builds It . . and have discovered that Buick's promise of 27 yea again has been fulfilled. *Once more, Buick has built better automobile!*

You have only to take the wheel to know the diffe ence. You have only to make your own tests, ov your own roads, to realize what Buick's 27 yea experience in fine-car manufacture means in buildi a Straight Eight. You have only to make compariso to find out how the combined resources of Buic Fisher Body, and General Motors have been tra lated into value in The Eight as Buick Builds

Accept this invitation from the Buick dealer in yc community. Take the wheel. Thrill to the 80-m

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AS BUICK BUILDS IT

er hour speed—the swift acceleration—the marvelus hill-climbing ability of this great new eight. Test ıe ease, the quietness, the smoothness of Buick's new *'lent-shift* Syncro-Mesh Transmission. Experience ıe luxury of Buick's new Insulated Bodies by Fisher . . richly appointed, with a choice of whipcord, roadcloth, or mohair upholstery . . . and skillfully ealed, by a new method, against heat, cold, and noise.

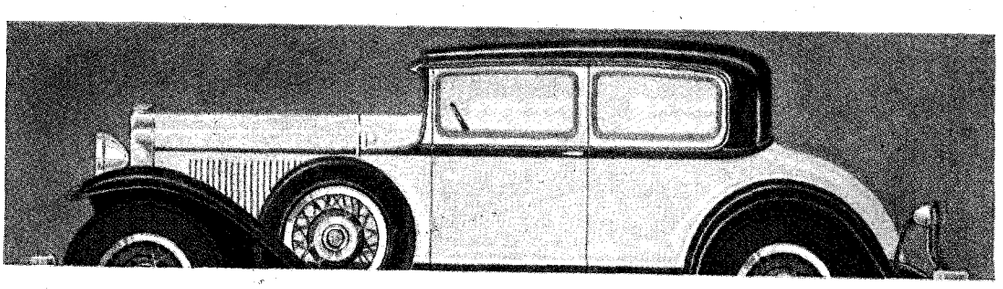
Take the wheel, as thousands already have, and e-capture your first big otoring thrill. Then you ill understand why The ght as Buick Builds It ceived such an overhelming public reception when it was introduced three months ago . . . and why it is now outselling any other eight-cylinder car in its price range by more than two-to-one!

* * *

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in twenty luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

* * *

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

The payroll read "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, $75 a week." . . . But his chance came in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. Today, he's the hero of countless thousands who thrill to his voice in the "talkies."

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Programs rustle. "Who is Tibbett?" Then comes a voice of molten gold, clear, pulsing, tender, stirring. "The Diamond Horseshoe" cheers like bleachers. Encores. Bravos. Flowers. Speeches.

A quick triumph for Lawrence Tibbett? Not at all! *Nature* gave him that glorious voice.

That's why OLD GOLD makes no claims . . . of factory skill . . . or secret processes. For *Nature* alone deserves the credit for the *goodness* of OLD GOLD. The sun, the rain, the fertile soil simply produced *better* tobaccos. That's why OLD GOLDS thrill your taste. That's why OLD GOLDS give you throat-ease.

From an "off-stage voice" to a star in the opera, the concert, the "talkies" . . . that's what *Nature* did for Tibbett. From a tyro-brand to a great success . . . that's what *Nature* did for OLD GOLD.

OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots" November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Power and Light from Sea Water

NOT FROM OCEAN TIDES OR WAVES, but from warm Gulf Stream and colder sea water beneath it, off Cuba, Prof. Georges Claude obtains power enough to keep forty 500-watt electric lights brightly burning for half an hour in his laboratory.

Industry, public utilities, fuel men, plain people, as well as scientists, sit up and take notice.

Of all attempts to harness ocean's power this seems most weird, and compared to power secured from waterfalls, it appears to approach the miraculous.

Popularly, the surprizing achievement is another example of bucking against "It Can't Be Done!"

Scientifically, the significant result demonstrates once more the indomitable scientific spirit which, despite all difficulties, persists until proof is found for a preconceived theory.

The story of the successful demonstration, well told in an Associated Press dispatch from Matanzas, Cuba, gives us a share in a wonderful experience. It reads:

"Prof. Georges Claude, before a gathering of engineers and scientific men in his laboratory, produced sufficient electrical energy through utilizing variations in temperature of Gulf Stream water to light forty 500-watt bulbs, and keep them burning.

"The demonstration, pronounced one of the most curious the world of science yet has seen, was viewed by those present as the forerunner of a revolution in industrial power methods.

"The French scientist, after five years' experimentation with a theory pronounced impracticable by some leaders in the field of hydraulics, kept the bulbs burning for more than half an hour.

"Confident of success, he stood in front of a huge control board where were placed many levers, buttons, and gages. When the group of government officials, engineers, and members of the Havana Academy of Science, and newspaper men, had assembled in his homely laboratory, he prest a switch starting the pumps that bring up cold sea water from the depths of Matanzas Bay, a mile from shore.

"Slowly at first, then with increasing volume, the cold drafts of water began to flow from the tube, more than 4,000 feet long, which the scientist had laid a month ago on the bottom of the bay.

"At the same time warm water from the surface of the Gulf Stream began to flow into the huge vacuum tanks. It was there converted into steam.

"Within a few moments the steam reached such a pressure that the adjacent turbines began to revolve. The speed picked up until several thousand revolutions a minute were recorded on the turbines.

"The cold water flowed about the vacuum tanks, condensing steam in one while the other was filling. The condensation produced a fresh vacuum, so that by the time the full tank was exhausted the other was ready to begin functioning.

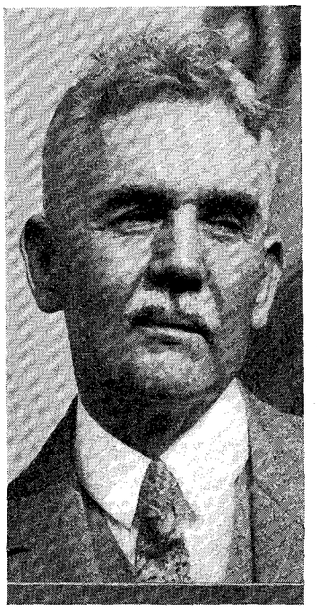
"Everything was running smoothly, but Professor Claude did not hurry with the power-producing demonstration. Before giving the signal to turn on the generators, he permitted the turbines to gather high speed. Once the generators were on, the forty big bulbs, arranged in rows, began to burn dimly. Then as the generators attained full speed, they became increasingly bright.

"The demonstration lasted long enough to convince the most skeptical that the inventor's scheme was successful.

"The French scientist, who has expended more than $2,000,000 of his own money to carry on the work in the face of numerous reverses, received with calm a chorus of congratulations.

"He said he intended to continue improving his plant during the next few weeks, in order to obtain the greatest possible efficiency from his machinery.

"He has labored tirelessly in his laboratory, six miles northwest of Matanzas, to bring his experiment to the point where it would stand scientific scrutiny."



Underwood photograph

Puts the Sea to Work

Prof. Georges Claude, whose sea-water machine promises a new source of power.

THE theory conceived by Professor Claude he first explained in a paper read to the Paris Academy of Science, briefly as follows:

"In a steam-engine, vapor from a hot boiler is reduced again to water in a cold condenser. On the way, it drives an engine and yields power.

"Thus any condensable vapor passing from a hot place to a cold one may be made to yield power as it goes. The exact temperatures do not alter this fact.

"It is essential merely that the boiler be hotter than the condenser. The Claude boiler is obtained from the warm seas at the surface; the condenser is the cold water from the deep sea.

"The water at the bottom of Matanzas Bay is ordinarily thirty or forty degrees colder than the water at the surface."

It will be recalled that Professor Claude's apparatus includes a deep-sea tube, about a mile long, which drops over a ledge down into the colder water. The first tube broke in the attempt to sink it, but a second one was finally laid, in which the colder water is pumped to the laboratory plant.

THE principle is explained by Dr. Charles E. Munroe, the noted U. S. Government chemist, in an interview with Rex Collier in the Washington *Evening Star:*

"Water, it was pointed out, turns into steam when the temperature is raised to 212 degrees Fahrenheit (100 degrees Centigrade), providing the water is under atmospheric pressure. If the pressure is lowered, however, less heat is required to start the water boiling. Thus, when the pressure is lowered so that a vacuum is created, the water need only be warmed to give off steam.

"This is where the natural warmth of the Gulf Stream is utilized. By pumping into vacuum tanks warm water from the surface of the ocean, the water instantly turns into steam without the aid of artificially applied heat.

"Since a vacuum is necessary for the conversion of warm sea water into steam, Professor Claude seized upon the idea of using cold water from the depths of the ocean to help him produce the low pressure required in the conversion tanks.

"There is a law of physics which says that differences in temperature are accompanied by differences in pressure. If the temperature on the outside of the tanks is lower than that prevailing within, a partial vacuum automatically is created in the tank. As the temperature outside is lowered, the vacuum

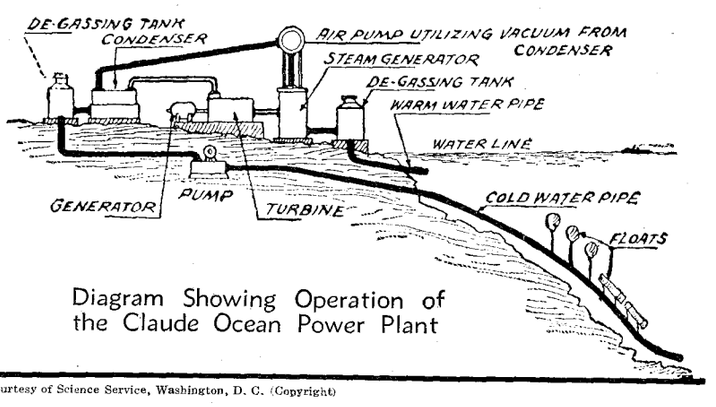


Diagram Showing Operation of the Claude Ocean Power Plant

Courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C. (Copyright)

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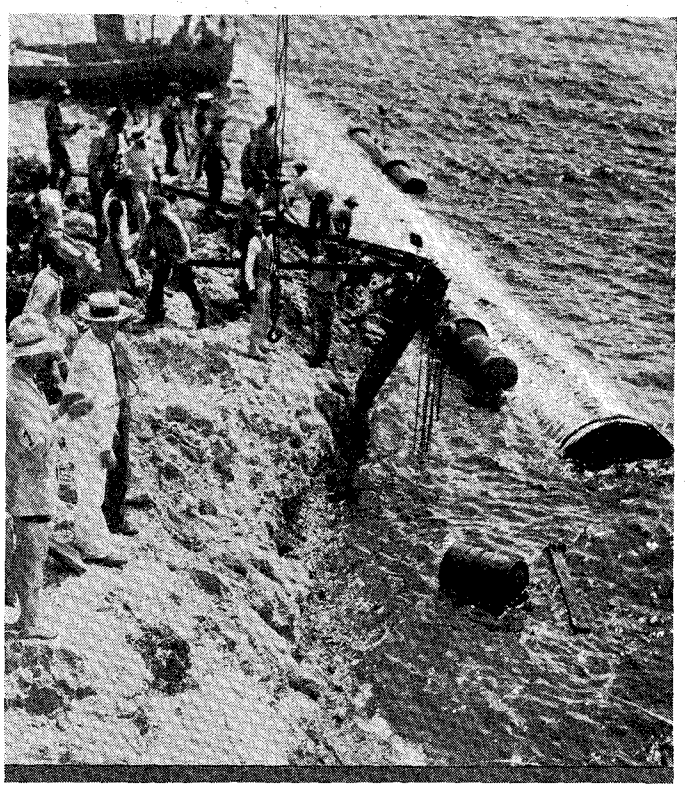
within increases. Accordingly, Professor Claude devised his plan for building a long pipe extending to the bottom of the sea, where the cold water of the ocean bed could be sucked up by pumps and circulated about the tanks. At the same time, another pipe-line was arranged to bring the warm water of the surface into the interior of the tanks.



Keystone photograph

Launching the Tube in Matanzas Bay

To bring up the cold water from ocean depths.

"Cold water outside—warm water inside. The result was a partial vacuum that finally reached a point where the naturally heated sea water began to boil and give off its power-producing steam."

Synthetic Sapphires Detected by Cathode Rays

SYNTHETIC gems are real gems, so far as chemical composition is concerned. To detect them from those found in nature has therefore been difficult. But *The Scientific American* (New York) now tells us that synthetic sapphires can be told readily from the natural stones by means of the cathode-ray tube. We read:

"The use of the tube in this work is the first commercial application of the apparatus which was developed in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, by Dr. W. D. Coolidge about four years ago.

"Sapphires, next to diamonds in hardness, are used by the company at the rate of more than a million and a half a year as jewels for bearings in meters and other delicate electrical instruments.

"Trays of sapphires, both natural and synthetic, are exposed in a dark room to the powerful rays of the tube for a few seconds. All glow or radiate colors while exposed to the rays, but when the rays are turned off, the natural stones cease to glow whereas the synthetic stones continue to glow. In addition to sorting the natural from the synthetic sapphires, the rays also help determine where both the natural and factory-made gems come from, an important advantage, according to engineers.

"'Should sapphires from Montana be mixed with stones from Australia, we could find this out with the cathode rays,' B. W. St. Clair, of the company's laboratory, explained. 'In the case of synthetic stones, in most cases we can determine which factory made them by the different hue of the glow while the rays are on. We have one particular kind of natural sapphire which does not glow at all. In this case, the lack of glow under the rays immediately tells us its origin.'

"Tests have been made with diamonds, and it has been found that synthetic stones turn decidedly brown when placed in the rays, whereas there is no change in natural stones. However, these tests have been but meager, and no definite conclusions have been reached."

The Inside of a Tornado

THE THRILLING TALE of a man who saw the inside of a tornado, and lived, unhurt, to tell of it, is contained in a report made to the U. S. Weather Office at Dodge City, by Will Keller, a farmer near Greensburg, Kansas.

Tho it happened two years ago, the office considers the account of such importance that it has been reported to headquarters, in Washington.

Mr. Keller says that on the afternoon of June 22, 1928, he noticed the approach of a dark cloud, and saw that it consisted of not only one tornado, but three. After hurrying his family to the cyclone-cellar, he paused to watch the approach of one of the funnel-shaped clouds, which was coming directly toward him. He states:

"I have seen a number of these things, and have never become panicstricken when near them. So I did not lose my head now, tho the approaching tornado was indeed an impressive sight.

"The surrounding country is level, and there was nothing to obstruct the view. There was little or no rain falling from the cloud.

"Two of the tornadoes were some distance away, and looked to me like great ropes dangling from the clouds, but the near one was shaped more like a funnel with ragged clouds surrounding it. It appeared to be much larger and more energetic than the others, and it occupied the central position of the cloud, the great cumulus dome being directly over it."

As he paused to look, he saw that the lower end, which had been sweeping the ground, was beginning to rise. He knew what that meant, so he kept his position. He knew that he was comparatively safe, and he knew that if the tornado again dipt he could drop down and close the door before any harm could be done. He proceeds:

"Steadily the tornado came on, the end gradually rising above the ground. I could have stood there only a few seconds, but so imprest was I with what was going on that it seemed a long time. At last the great shaggy end of the funnel hung directly overhead.

"Everything was as still as death. There was a strong gassy odor, and it seemed that I could not breathe.

"There was a screaming, hissing sound coming directly from the end of the funnel. I looked up, and to my astonishment, I saw right into the heart of the tornado. There was a circular opening in the center of the funnel, about 50 or 100 feet in diameter, and extending straight upward for a distance of at least one-half mile, as best I could judge under the circumstances. The walls of this opening were of rotating clouds, and the whole was made brilliantly visible by constant flashes of lightning which zigzagged from side to side. Had it not been for the lightning, I could not have seen the opening, not any distance up into it, anyway.

"Around the lower rim of the great vortex small tornadoes were constantly forming and breaking away. These looked like tails as they writhed their way around the end of the funnel. It was these that made the hissing noise.

"I noticed that the direction of rotation of the great whirl was anticlockwise, but the small twisters rotated both ways—some one way and some another.

"The opening was entirely hollow, except for something which I could not exactly make out, but suppose that it was a detached wind cloud. This thing was in the center, and was moving up and down.

"The tornado was not traveling at a great speed. I had plenty of time to get a good view of the whole thing, inside and out. It came from the direction of Greensburg, which town is three miles west and one mile north of my place. Its course was not in a straight line, but it zigzagged across the country, in a general northeasterly direction

"After it passed my place, it again dipt, and struck and

(Department continued on page 34)

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Six Months Old Today!

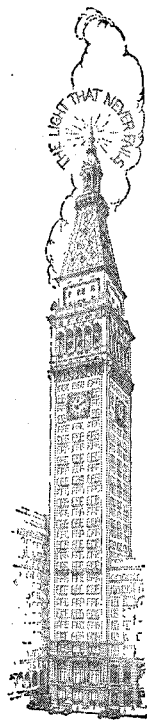
Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged.

Then there was neither anti-toxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.



More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the death-rates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable." Address Booklet Department 1130-L.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Bubbling life and strength for months

When you pour a little Hydrogen Peroxide on a cut or scratch, a cleansing foam of energetic bubbles "boils out" the germs and dirt, lessening the danger of infection. That's the oxygen gas fighting its way up through the liquid in a struggle to get free. And that's what makes peroxide such a good mouth wash. Swished around in the mouth, you can feel the bubbling antiseptic foam thoroughly cleansing the spaces around your gums and between your teeth. Ordinary peroxides lose most of their oxygen gas after the bottle has been opened a few times—they become inert and lifeless. So it's real economy to buy Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide. Your druggist will tell you it's the kind that holds its life and strength for many months.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Where a beam

Fortunate faces

Men whose skin usually wrinkles at the very thought of the daily shave, get a pleasant smile from the man in the mirror after their first experience with Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. It was made by Parke-Davis chemists for *their own use*. They knew what they wanted. A cream to hold water like a sponge and yield a generous, long-lasting lather—to soothe tender skin—to give the razor its best chance to do a really fine job. Why not give your face the benefit of a cream which research chemists made to order for you? You can buy the purple Parke-Davis tube at any druggist's—or use the coupon on this page for a free trial tube.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

With Our Compliments

Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Michigan, *or* Walkerville, Ontario.

Gentlemen: Please send me, free, trial packages of Parke-Davis products I have checked.

- ☐ Euthymol Tooth Paste
- ☐ Parke-Davis Shaving Cream
- ☐ Neko—the Original Germicidal Soap
- ☐ Fraichelle Cleansing Cream

Name_____

Address_____

Your druggist sells Parke-Davis Products

You can make this test yourself!

The next time you are at your druggist's *ask him to show you a bottle of* Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Through the transparent glass you can see for yourself that there is practically no separation—that there's only a very thin layer of water at the top. The pure, snowy-white Parke-Davis product shows less "settling" than any other brand. This assures you uniform medicinal activity in every spoonful. If you are one of the many thousands who use Milk of Magnesia for sour stomach, as a mouth rinse, or as a mild laxative, try Milk of Magnesia made the Parke-Davis way.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Rise and shine!

Singing in the shower. A brisk rub-down. Then, to top off your preparations for the day, a friendly session with Euthymol Tooth Paste (pronounced u-THI'-mol). You'll start your breakfast and your day with new zest. And you'll have the comforting thought that not only is Euthymol pleasant and refreshing but it is scientifically compounded by the largest and most experienced makers of medicines in the world. So, of course, it does its work well. It cleans your teeth thoroughly and polishes them till they gleam. Ask your druggist for Euthymol—or mail the coupon on this page for a free trial tube.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

News that interrupted a party

One spade . . . two diamonds . . . two spades . . . three clubs—and then Junior, aged 4, burst in upon the afternoon bridge party. The conversation veered to children, foods, cod-liver oil. Then one mother learned for the first time that there is a world of difference in cod-liver oils. How much of the needed vitamins had her baby been getting? There is an easy way of being certain of the vitamin content of cod-liver oil. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. One teaspoonful contains as much of the resistance-building Vitamin A as 11 pints of whole milk or 9 eggs, and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 2 pounds of butter or 7½ eggs. In 4- and 16-oz. bottles, and in *soft*, easy-to-take capsules.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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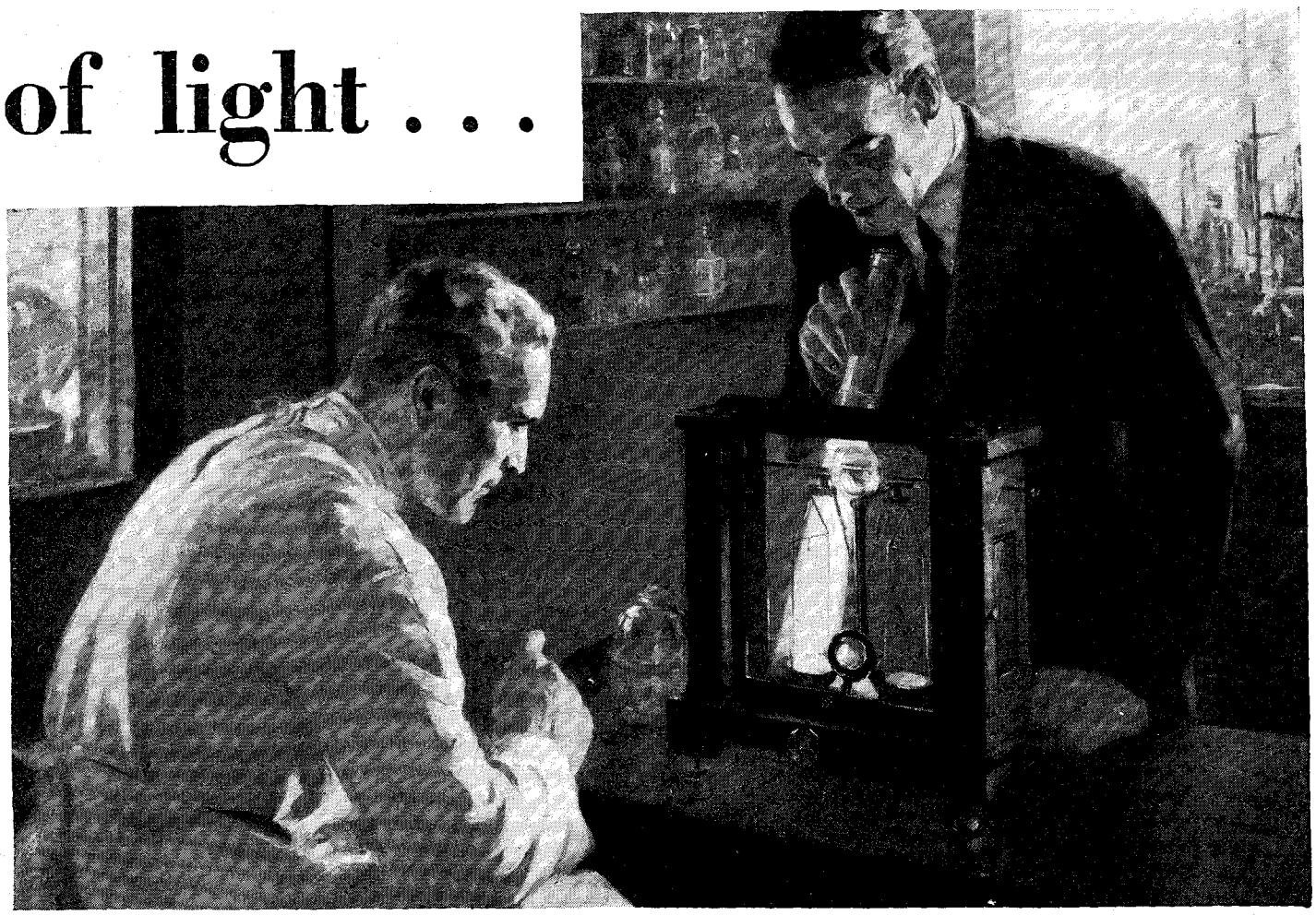
# of light . . .



. . . swings the scale

Accuracy! In the Parke-Davis laboratories you can see a balance so sensitive that it is affected by the infinitesimal energy from a beam of light —a balance which can measure weight-differences as small as one twenty-eight-*millionth* of an ounce.

Only super-sensitive instruments can provide the infinite precision required by Parke-Davis standards of accuracy for research work on certain highly scientific medicines used by your physician.

Throughout the great Parke-Davis manufacturing laboratories—in the United States, Canada, Europe, South America and Australia—accuracy is a veritable religion. In no other organization in the world is there a more exacting system of safeguards and counter-checks against possible error.

This system of accuracy embraces the manufacture, not only of Parke-Davis medicines, but also of the preparations listed on these pages for your daily home use.

Perhaps you have not realized, for example, that, before Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is bottled and labeled with the Parke-Davis name, its quality and vitamin content are definitely measured by an elaborate set of standardization tests. These tests must show that the oil will correct rickets and promote growth of bone and tissue in animals at a definite rate, within certain definite time-limits.

Physicians and druggists all over the world put their professional faith in the Parke-Davis label as a symbol of high quality and accuracy. You can do the same every day, whether you are purchasing toilet accessories like tooth paste and shaving cream or such preparations as cod-liver oil, milk of magnesia and hydrogen peroxide.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN • WALKERVILLE, ONT.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

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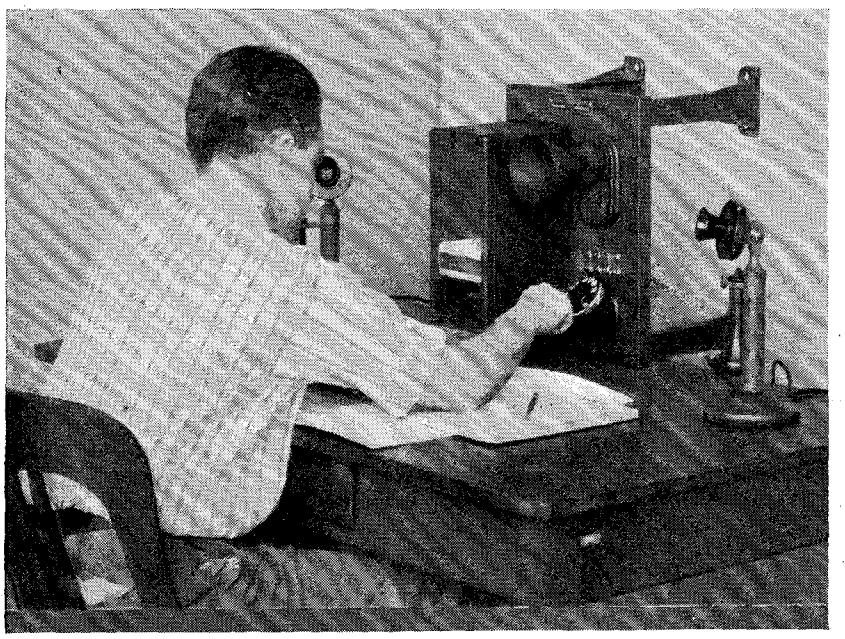
(*Department continued from page 30*)

demolished the house and barn of a farmer by the name of Evans. The Evans family, like ourselves, had been out looking over their hailed-out wheat, and saw the tornado coming.

"Not having time to reach their cellar, they took refuge under a small bluff that faced to the leeward of the approaching tornado. They lay down flat on the ground, and caught hold of some plum bushes which, fortunately, grew within their reach. As it was, they felt themselves lifted from the ground. Mr. Evans said that he could see the wreckage of his house, among it being the cook-stove, going round and round over his head. The eldest child, a girl of seventeen, being the most exposed, had her clothing completely torn off. But none of the family was hurt."

Mr. A. A. Justice, of the Dodge City office, endorsed Mr. Keller's story with the following words:

"Mr. Keller's reputation for truthfulness and sobriety is of the best. Apparently he is entirely capable of making careful and reliable observations."



Courtesy of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York

"Hello, Mr. Pump, Get Busy!"
"All right, Chief, I'm working."

New Electrical Control

IT IS NOW POSSIBLE to telephone to a machine, have it begin running or stop running, and have it inform you that it is following your instructions, altho it is not quite as simple as the imaginary conversation under the picture.

This is the newest method of controlling automatic electrical equipment from a distance. It has been perfected by engineers of the General Electric Company under the term "audible-selector type supervisory equipment." To quote a press bulletin sent out by the company's news bureau (Schenectady, N. Y.):

"The human operator, who may be miles away, dials a code-number on a dial exactly similar to the dial used on dial-telephones. Electrical impulses are immediately transmitted over the line-wires to electrical switches known as selector-switches, located in the distant substation. These switches take a position corresponding to the code-number, so that they will control the particular unit of equipment which the operator has in mind, and none other. At the same time they start a code-sending device which repeats back to the operator the number dialed, by means of a 'howler,' beside the operator's desk. The operator thus knows that the switches are in position to control the unit which he desires to put to work.

"The operator then dials to start the machine, and the control devices perform this function, and inform him that the machine is running. If the operator dials to stop the unit, it stops and informs him of the fact. The 'voice' of the machine, when it desires to say to the operator, through the howler, 'All right, I'm running,' is pitched in a certain tone. When it wants to tell him that it has stopt running, in obedience to his command, it sends a signal in a different pitch.

"Previously the operator moved switch handles which operated the control mechanism in the distant substation, starting or stopping the units, and he was notified of what had taken place by means of signal-lamps."

Stars Built Like Eggs

THE STRUCTURE OF A STAR may be something like that of an egg—a dense yolk in the center, surrounded by lighter material. This theory is proposed by Prof. E. A. Milne of Oxford, in a communication to *Nature*. Says a reviewer in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"In the 'yolk' the temperatures are far higher than astronomers have previously calculated for the interior of a star, he says. His tentative estimate is 100,000,000,000 degrees, instead of a mere 10,000,000, the figure generally accepted. This nucleus is extremely dense, as great or even greater than a star like the strange companion of Sirius, of which a pint weighs twenty-five tons. Professor Milne thinks that the density of the yolk may reach the maximum possible for ionized matter, that is, matter in which all the atoms are broken up into separate electrons.

"Four or five hats take up quite a bit of room in a trunk, but if the hats are chopped up into small bits, the same amount of matter can be put in a much smaller space. Similarly, atoms of matter, consisting of electrons and protons, take up a certain amount of space, but if they are ionized, or broken up into their constituents, the same amount of matter can be condensed far beyond anything familiar to us in any substance known on earth.

"The consequences of his theory, says Professor Milne, 'amount to a complete revolution in our picture of the internal constitution of the stars. In the intensely hot, intensely dense nucleus, the temperatures and densities are high enough for the transformation of matter into radiation to take place with ease. It is to this nucleus that we must look for the origin of stellar energy, a nucleus the existence of which has previously been unsuspected."

PROFESSOR MILNE differs from the views of Sir Arthur Eddington, another famous British astronomer, as to the internal structure of a star. According to Sir Arthur, the density of a star increases toward the center, but the increase is a gradual one. Both, however, share the generally accepted view that the light and heat radiated from a star comes from an actual transmutation of the star's matter into energy.

When Fish Drown

DROWNING a fish would seem to be a hopeless job.

Yet fish must have air, and when enough of it is not dissolved in the water where they live, they suffocate.

This topic, says *Science* (New York), has been the subject of study in two German laboratories during the past few months. We read:

"The researches were prompted by the fact that great numbers of fish died of suffocation under the thick ice produced by last winter, which was unusually severe in Europe; and scientists wanted to know, for both practical and theoretical purposes, just how much oxygen has to be dissolved in water in order to sustain fish life.

"Goldfish and carp became distrest, and finally died, when the oxygen in the water fell to a concentration of from four one-hundredths to one-tenth of one per cent. Whiting, perch and several other species of fish showed signs of distress at one-tenth of a per cent., and died when the concentration fell below eight one-hundredths of one per cent.

"The requirements of trout, earlier experiments showed, are higher. This active fish can get along on water containing from five-tenths to eight-tenths of one per cent. of oxygen, finds one-third that much insufficient, and dies if the oxygen falls below that."

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New NASH

A New Deal for Today's Dollar

STUDY THESE SENSATIONAL PRICES!

New 660 series

Compare what is probably the most remarkable achievement of Nash in greater value-giving—the New Six—with the Single Six it succeeds. The New Six offers a multitude of superiorities—at prices which range from $160 to $140 below the prices of the Single Six.

Body Style	The New Six W. B. 114¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$845	~~$1005~~	—$160
Coupe	$795	~~$940~~	—$145
Coupe (rumble seat)	$825	~~$980~~	—$155
Sedan (2-door)	$795	~~$935~~	—$140

New 870 series

Compare the New Eight-70 with its two additional cylinders, its longer wheelbase, its larger, more luxurious body, with the six-cylinder car it replaces. Then consider the remarkable fact that there is actually a basic price differential in favor of the New Eight!

Body Style	The New Eight-70 W. B. 116¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$995	~~$1005~~	—$10
Coupe	$945	~~$940~~	+$5
Coupe (rumble seat)	$975	~~$980~~	—$5
Special Sedan (4-door)	$955		

New 880 series

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 Series with the 6-cylinder car it replaces. The Eight-80 is larger, longer. Design, appointments, upholstery are finer—prices are radically lower.

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 W. B. 121"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Six W. B. 118"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1295	~~$1415~~	—$120
Coupe	$1245	~~$1345~~	—$100
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1285	~~$1395~~	—$110
Town Sedan (4-door)	$1375		

New 890 series

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 Series, now with a 115 H. P. Engine, with the last year's 100 H. P. Eight. Body appointments are finer, upholstery more luxurious, and prices are far lower!

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 W. B. 124"-133"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Eight W. B. 124"-133"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1565	~~$1795~~	—$230
Cabriolet	$1695	~~$1875~~	—$180
Coupe	$1695	~~$1915~~	—$220
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1745	~~$1975~~	—$230
Sedan (7-pass.)	$1925	~~$2195~~	—$270
Limousine (7-pass.)	$2025	~~$2385~~	—$360
Ambassador	$1825	~~$2095~~	—$270
Victoria	$1765	~~$2045~~	—$280

(All prices f. o. b. factories)

2316

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Boxing the Compass with Lowell Thomas

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE is jammed to the eaves. The air is electric with suspense.

It isn't an opera audience. The tension is far greater than for any musical occasion.

On this historic site, where countless queens of song have warbled for the pleasure of British kings, from Charles II down, Britain is about to hear of its most romantic war hero—one hitherto hidden behind the clouds of war diplomacy and disguised in the trappings of a Prince of Mekka.

Civil and military celebrities of the first rank are sprinkled through the stalls and boxes, for it is by invitation of the British Government that the story-teller, an American, has come from his own country, with his motion-films and his lecture, to introduce the Empire to its own hero in action.

Hot on History's Trail with Lawrence of Arabia (Left)

Introductory color stuff. Sixty-piece orchestra crashes into shivery Oriental music. "Atmosphere." Seraglio dancer cavorts symbolically in Arabian Nights surroundings. Muezzin off stage chants the Mohammedan call for prayer.

And now! As a silver screen descends, a young man walks on from the prompt side and faces the glittering mountain of humanity. Curly black hair. Flashing blue eyes. Slight but muscular figure. Square face tanned by desert suns.

It is the American discoverer of Lawrence of Arabia—our own Lowell Thomas, if you please, very much at your service nowadays as THE LITERARY DIGEST'S voice on the air, with his evening news-message to millions of American homes.

BUT see! The silver screen lights up on a desert scene. Wind-blown sand in rolling dunes. A troop of Arabs whirl into view, their white garments aflutter, their horses' hoofs madly stirring the sand into puffs and spirals. They are "a hot-blooded horde under the command of Lawrence, poet, archeologist, soldier, uncrowned king of Arabia," Gove Hambidge was to write long afterward in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*, continuing:

> The black-haired young man before the screen begins to talk. Step by step he unfolds the strange drama of Lawrence's Arabian campaign, hitherto unknown to the world, and which he was among the few white men to witness.
>
> His words are timed perfectly to suit the action upon the screen. His deep, trained voice moves that audience now to bursts of laughter, now to sharp, emotional shocks.
>
> When he has finished, a wind of handclapping sweeps the open house from pit to gallery. Celebrities hurry back stage to congratulate him—Lloyd George, Venizelos, Tetrazzini, Melba, Zangwill, Forbes-Robertson.
>
> The King commands him to appear at Balmoral Castle and tell the tale of Lawrence and Allenby to the assembled royal family. He is fêted and dined by peers. Special trains pour in from as far as Wales, loaded with people to hear that epic tale.
>
> He is invited to Australia as a guest of the Government to tell it; then to Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, and so on around the globe. He makes a triumphal tour of the British Empire. He tells his strange drama four thousand times, to four million people, sometimes to twenty thousand a day.

Lowell Thomas is a young fellow who sucked romance through the nipple of his nursing bottle. The world is his oyster neatly pried open, served up on royal porcelain with plenty of tabasco and horseradish. He is Fate's pet child. He is a twentieth-century skald, singing modern songs of stout adventure. He makes his living by stepping up the world's pulse-rate. He has more adventures a month than the average man in a lifetime.

THOMAS is the son of a surgeon infected with wanderlust, relates Mr. Hambidge, going back to origins; and we read on:

> The echo of the Pike's-Peak-or-bust cry was still reverberating through this country when young Thomas was eight. His father carted him from Ohio out to the boiling mining camp at Cripple Creek, Colorado. There young Thomas mingled with tough customers from Timbuktu and Kamchatka and the Klondike, carried ore samples from miner to assayer, and got the lust of romance into his blood by listening to a thousand tales of rough-and-ready adventure.
>
> He got the smell of printer's ink into his blood, too, working as a printer's devil.
>
> He lived on the top of the world. Every day, from that 10,000-foot aerie on the rim of an extinct volcano, he looked out over 150 miles of stark, magnificent mountain ranges. "And that got into my blood, too," he says. . . . "But, on the other hand, not far from where I live, there is an inn. People motor there for miles to sip expensive tea and gurgle over the gorgeous view. The place was sold to the inn-owners by an old farmer who had pastured cows on that hilltop every day of his life. Years afterward he read about the inn, made famous by its outlook. He hurried back hotfoot to his old home, climbed the hill he had been up and down ten thousand times. 'Gosh' he said. 'That is a nice view! I never noticed it!'"

YOUNG Thomas, we are told, was taught to appreciate. He learned the rightful names of stones and flowers and stars. And he learned another, odder thing. From the time he was a toddler of four his father had him up on the carpet spouting poetry and prose, which he had to learn by heart. In fact:

> Three or four times each week the youngster had to do this—a crazy, amazingly wise procedure. He had to learn to get his voice out of his nose and down where it belonged, to gesture with appropriate elliptical grace; these things became second nature; his father went at the thing as he would go at a surgical job.
>
> "Some day you'll thank me, son," the father said. Young Thomas hated it.
>
> But when he got into high school he nonchalantly pulled off a rip-snorting, man-sized oration one day, made every youngster his friend in a flash, and was elected captain of the football team on the strength of it. Then he knew that the ability to stand on your feet and talk has its good points.
>
> Young Thomas's later education took him to four universities. At Valparaiso he worked his way through. He fed a cow, a

(*Continued on page 38*)

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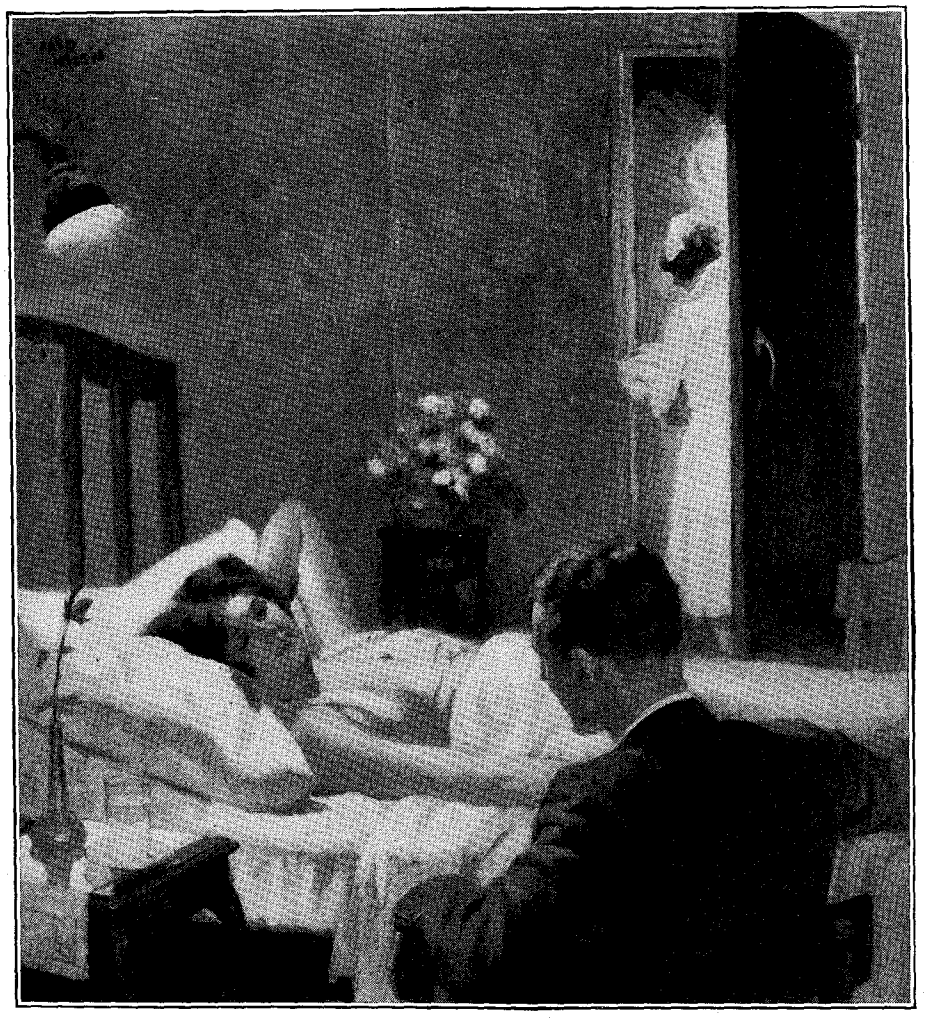
Man's debt to Woman



One of the finest traditions of the human race is the sacrifice women make to bear children. Since time began, they have gladly risked health, beauty, life itself, if necessary—and seldom counted the cost. Medical science will never hold a surer claim to immortality than the record of its painstaking efforts to lighten the shadows of child-birth.

Today, motherhood is easier and far safer. And this is due not only to the modern hospital and the great strides made in obstetrics, but also to the spread of beneficial knowledge into the home, to a wider understanding of such things as diet, exercise and simple every-day care.

Since 1858 the House of Squibb has led in producing simple, trustworthy products for the medicine cabinet, many of which contribute to the comfort and welfare of the expectant mother. Into the making of these products goes exactly the same high skill as is devoted to preparing the important vaccines and antitoxins for which the Squibb Laboratories are so well known. And we count it a tribute indeed that numberless physicians instinctively specify the name Squibb when they prescribe milk of magnesia, liquid petrolatum or any of the familiar products used in the home.

Whether to meet an emergency or to fill the needs of every-day life, the Squibb label is a pledge of purity and safety . . . the guarantee of an extra value which Squibb Products have always contained: The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

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Squibb Home Necessities

Many Squibb Products are helpful during pregnancy and valuable in the care of the baby. A few are described below. Your physician will advise you concerning them.

SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM (Pure Mineral Oil)—an effective internal lubricant for preventing constipation . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening. Safe for expectant mothers and for even the youngest baby.

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste. Valuable in combating hyper-acidity during pregnancy. As a mouth-wash, good for the teeth and gums.

SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product uniformly rich in Vitamins A and D. Widely used by the expectant mother to build reserve strength and also to promote the formation of sound bones and teeth by the baby.

SQUIBB VITAVOSE—a wheat-germ sugar for milk modification, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts. Promotes growth and stimulates the appetite.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM—made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line. Combats "gingival third decay," a form of tooth decay particularly associated with pregnancy.

SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB OLIVE OIL—a pure oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clearness. Used by many mothers for massaging the baby.

SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious. Often recommended by physicians for an upset condition of the stomach.

SQUIBB CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

AT ALL RELIABLE DRUG STORES FEATURING SERVICE AND QUALITY PRODUCTS

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS New York . . . E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Limited, Toronto
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

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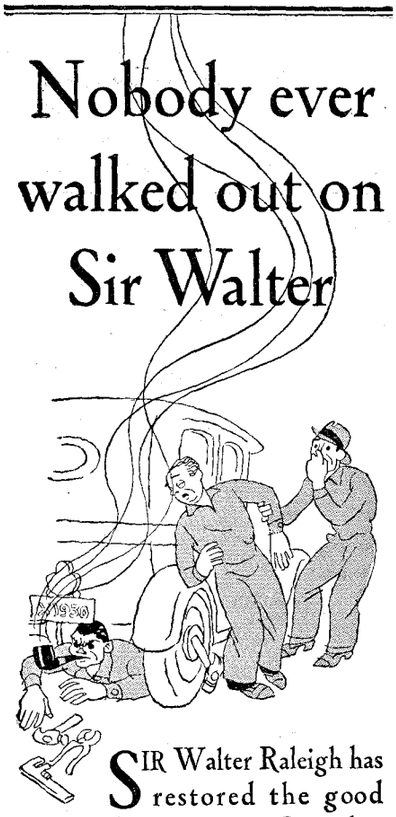
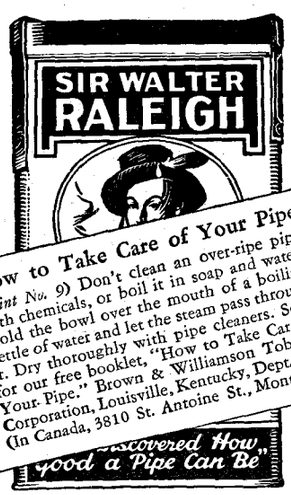
Nobody ever walked out on Sir Walter



SIR Walter Raleigh has restored the good repute of many a pipe. Give that unpopular briar of yours a thorough cleaning. Fill it with Sir Walter's smoking mixture. Before you've finished the first can, you'll find yourself with a *reformed* pipe—a pipe that will get admiring glances from your friends. Sir Walter is a distinctive blend of fine Burley, skillfully mellowed to a mildness and fragrance that are hard to equal, no matter what price you pay.

B.W. PRODUCT



How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 9*) Don't clean an over-ripe pipe with chemicals, or boil it in soap and water. Hold the bowl over the mouth of a boiling kettle of water and let the steam pass through it. Dry thoroughly with pipe cleaners. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 37. (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

"Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

(*Continued from page 36*)

furnace, a laundry, and his fellow students—the latter as cook and waiter in a quick-and-dirty. Through his boyhood knowledge of stones he became assistant to the geology professo.. Summers, he sold maps and real estate.

And with all this he flipped off the four-year course in two years.

Back in Cripple Creek, the new-hatched A.B. either passed up white-collar jobs or couldn't get one, and headed for the mines, where he shoveled rock some 1,400 feet down in the earth's intestines. The editor of the local paper lured him away to become a cub reporter. When he had hustled for the paper a year, long enough to get the job of managing editor, he stowed away his white collar and, gript by wanderlust, made for the Land of the Cliff Dwellers, where he forked a pinto and chased cows. Then he decided to go after more education.

At the University of Denver he bagged another brace of degrees; he is a wing shot when it comes to education. Then he went on to Chicago, with the idea of studying for the noble pursuit of law.

HE had to earn his way, we are told, "so he took a job as newspaper reporter, breaking in with a group that was later to become famous—Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Harry Hansen, Mary Synon." Reading on:

He was a reporter from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M., thereafter a student of law. His ability to speak like a veteran criminal prosecutor was spotted at once, and he was taken on as an instructor in forensic oratory. He taught a few thousand older men than himself how to say what was on their minds, "and learned a lot more than I gave," he says.

A year of this killing work, and he went out to the coast to do a set of newspaper articles.

But he didn't want to go back when he had finished. There was a lure up yonder, northward; he followed it, and made his début as a chechahco in Alaska.

This was grand and glorious; here was the tang of adventure. He got a canoe, shot Miles Canyon and the White Horse Rapids, paddled lazily alone down the Yukon. From the Klondike he trekked ever northward, on up to the edge of the Arctic Ocean.

A tribe of Red Indians adopted this lonely paleface gipsy as one of their own. He met few white men; but among them was a Klondike miner who had a wonderful collection of photographs of Eskimos and caribou. With the generosity of lonesome places he turned the whole works over to his friend, Thomas.

It was this sourdough's chance gift that set young Thomas up in business as a skald, a tale-teller. He started giving illustrated talks about Alaska to Chicagoans, and found they liked it. He entered his fourth university, Princeton, where he was both student and instructor.

Surreptitiously, he made little trips away to other towns and gave his talks. They were liked still better; so he got a camera of his own and made for Alaska again the next summer. That autumn he found he could make as much in one night's talking as he could teaching for two months.

Lowell Thomas with Allenby in the Holy Land

Young Thomas had a silver tongue and a way with him; but there's no such thing as genius; he worked like a horse to do the job right. Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, heard him, got him up before the Smithsonian, thought up a fine scheme for Thomas to go all around this country opening people's eyes to its wonders.

The war came, and Lane decided that Thomas's trained eye and tongue could be put to still better uses. Why not send him to Europe with a roving commission to visit all fronts and report what he saw to the people of the United States? There was no appropriation for such services, but Thomas himself got eighteen anonymous gentlemen of Chicago to put up the money. E. P. Ripley, builder of the Santa Fé Railway, was one of them. Silas Strawn, President of the American Bar Association, was another. With a staff of camera men and assistants, Fate's pet child set sail.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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THE BLUSHING RIDE . . .

CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED TEST

Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

WHEN your cooling-system freezes, you've got to face the music. There's the trip to the garage — at the end of a rope — and the bill for towing, just to start the bad news off. You can avoid such a predicament, and a lot of other grief, with a single filling of Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

Passes rigid, scientific tests

A motor authority, the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, reports: "Our tests show conclusively that Eveready Prestone gives complete protection against low temperatures, does not corrode, will not boil over when used in an automobile, is odorless, non-inflammable and will serve as an anti-freeze with unimpaired efficiency throughout the coldest winter season."

Constant research by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation laboratories has further increased the efficiency of Eveready Prestone. This year it is actually superior to the Eveready Prestone which more than a million motorists used to their complete satisfaction last year. So that you may easily identify Eveready Prestone, it is now *green* in color.

Go to your dealer or garage-man, before he gets swamped with work during the first cold snap. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions to make the cooling-system water-tight.

Do it now. Eveready Prestone is always in tune with the temperature.

Tune in the Eveready Hour, every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) over the N. B. C. network.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable. 8. Odorless.
9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

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Tourists Are Turned Back at This Frontier: Thomas Crashed the Gate

(*Continued from page 38*)

He was in the midst of it on the Western front, with the Italian forces in the Alps on skis, on the Asiago Plateau and along the Piave River. In Venice he heard of General Allenby's appointment to command the Allied forces in the Near East.

By heavens, he thought, that will be a picturesque and dramatic campaign—Jerusalem and Mekka, haunted with age-old stories; here is meat for both me and the camera! He got in touch with the British War Office, and they obligingly sent along a vessel to take Fate's pet child over to Cairo.

Then he and Harry Chase, his photographer, hopped aboard a plane and, as Thomas has said several thousand times (Mr. Hambidge reminds us), made in forty minutes a journey that had taken the Children of Israel forty years. After which:

He stuck with Allenby's army many months, photographing like mad, enjoying it all hugely, and getting into tight places—as when he made photographs in a certain mosque in Hebron, and came within an ace of being torn to bits by a mob of outraged Mohammedans.

Throughout this country he kept hearing rumors of strange happenings far to the south, in the Arabian Desert, where a mythical British officer had united the hostile Arab tribes and was leading them in a fierce holy war against the Turks. On this man's head the Turks had placed the price of a quarter of a million dollars, dead or alive. Yet he led a charmed life, and any man who harmed him would be stewed in the oil of a terrible vengeance.

And now we arrive at a historic meeting.

Blue eyes under an Arab hood would have been enough to excite curiosity, even had the costume not been of royal Bedouin mode, and the crescent sword that of a prince of Mekka.

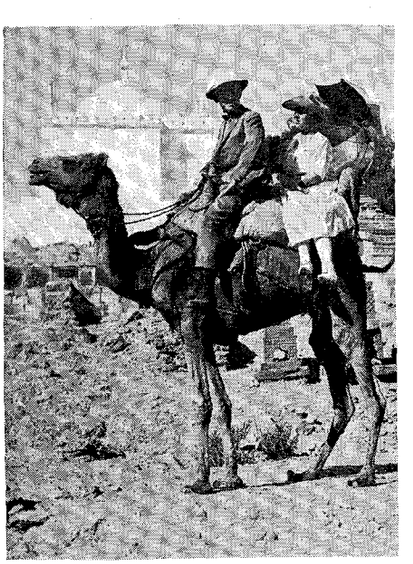
Blue eyes in a face as fair as a Scandinavian's, as beardless as a woman's, and as intellectual as a professor's!

Here, in truth, was a first-class mystery to intrigue the interest of the one American observer who happened to be bargaining for dates at a bazaar in Christian Street, Jerusalem, in the days following the triumphal entry of Allenby.

Need we say who that American observer was? Surely not!

But who was the blue-eyed Arab prince? Lowell Thomas resolved to find out, for he scented a high romance of Oriental statecraft.

The object of his curiosity had swept on toward the Damascus gate, surrounded by swarthy and bearded chieftains, who were mostly a head taller than himself, but whose demeanor toward him was that of brothers in arms and pupils in wisdom.



Taking Mrs. Thomas for a Ride—a Bumpy One—in Baluchistan

In vain Thomas questioned the bystanders. The blond chieftain was unknown. Finally Thomas went to see General Storrs, the British military governor of Jerusalem. General Storrs arose and opened the door of an adjoining room. There sat the fair-skinned sheik at a desk. And the Governor introduced his American visitor to "the Uncrowned King of Arabia." From which point we return to the *Herald Tribune* account:

Fate's pet child went with T. E. Lawrence to the heart of a desert land closed to Christians for thirteen centuries.

So he saw much of that weird campaign.

So he squatted with Lawrence in a wool tent sipping sweet, thick coffee and arguing over obscure matters of archeology.

So he loped over sandy miles on camelback with Lawrence's hard-bitten Bedouins, while Lawrence rode ahead and maybe perused Aristophanes in the original, going to some rendezvous with death.

So he saw Lawrence blow up Turkish railroad trains with devilish cunning, and between whiles discuss Arabic poetry and keep his desert devils happy.

So he wandered through the ghost streets of the lost lovely city of Petra, chiseled out of the solid rock, where Lawrence won a smashing victory. The story-teller's instinct in Thomas thrived and waxed and grew fat in those days. He knew that in this quiet Englishman at the head of his thousands of Bedouins, he had the story of the ages. Lord, what a tale!

With the Armistice Thomas came back to France. But there were still tight places where a story-teller could poke an adventurous nose. Germany was in revolution, but what was going on there the outside world did not know. It was forbidden to enter, and that word forbidden was always an invitation to Thomas.

After many frustrated attempts he almost literally crawled on his belly through French barbed-wire and between French sentries into Germany. There he hobnobbed with Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, saw the streets of Berlin run red, and got away by suavely tricking the commander of a French gunboat into taking him aboard. In Paris he was sent for by Colonel House to report on what he had seen in Germany.

Now Thomas, as they say, knows his onions when it comes to entertaining the public. In New York he rented a theater and put on his show, the tale of Lawrence and of Allenby. It ran for weeks; he contracted for a string of theaters across the country the following fall.

But this enterprise was broken into by the demand for a British appearance, with results which we have already seen.

Followed more adventures in the South Seas, India, Afghanistan, and the East Indies. And to-day? The wanderer is home, it seems, and embarked on a civilized adventure for a change, proving that cosmopolitan life is always turning up new worlds to conquer. His latest achievement is sketched by the New York *Evening World* in racy terms, thus:

Until several weeks ago Lowell Thomas's greatest worry was providing lunch for thirty cows (the Jersey model) on his farm near Pawling. Now he is dishing up choice bits of news during the Literary Digest hour over WJZ, week days at 6:45 P. M.

In replacing Floyd Gibbons, Thomas is said to average about one hundred words more between bells. Gibbons ran his voice at an even pace, while his successor shifts from one low to high speeds, and even breathes occasionally.

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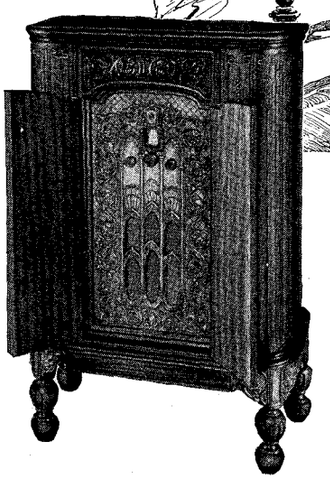
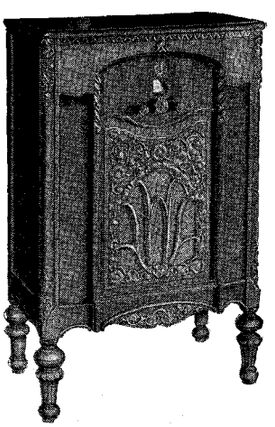
DISTINCTION

Drawn especially for Amrad Radio by John Richard Flanagan



(Right) The AMRAD SONDO Model. A new electric phonograph and radio combination incorporating the latest eight tube AMRAD Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis and the new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker in a cabinet pronounced the most beautiful ever produced. It contains two wells for records. Priced at $240.00, less tubes.



(Left) The AMRAD RONDEAU Model. A magnificent cabinet en-livened with exquisite carved decorations. The set is the latest AMRAD eight tube Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis. The new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker is incorporated. Automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume. Priced at $150.00, less tubes.

GALILEO . . . believer in the infinite mystery of the heavens, was ridiculed by sages of his generation. He was one of the founders of experimental science . . . and Italy smiled. He sought a thing which could not be.

High in the tower of Saint Mark, when his skeptical friends slept, Galileo searched the uncharted heavens with crude astronomical instruments and plucked new planets from infinity, through the telescope he had dreamed to a reality.

Science gave him stars to play with and spinning spheres of flame. Immortal pioneer that he was, he blazed strange trails across an unknown frontier of blue . . . smiling, as he made a present of little worlds to the Doge of Venice. His was the distinction of priority and of genius unexcelled. He led the way.

Radio's restless search of space and this same infinity of blue, is singularly paralleled. There was destined to be one, of all the others, that, with splendid vision, should bring new miracles to bear . . . new worlds of speech and song from out the vastness of starry nights . . . coupled with surpassing beauty of appearance and superlative performance . . . AMRAD RADIO.

AMRAD DIVISION *of*
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.* Home of *«the Nation's Station»*—WLW
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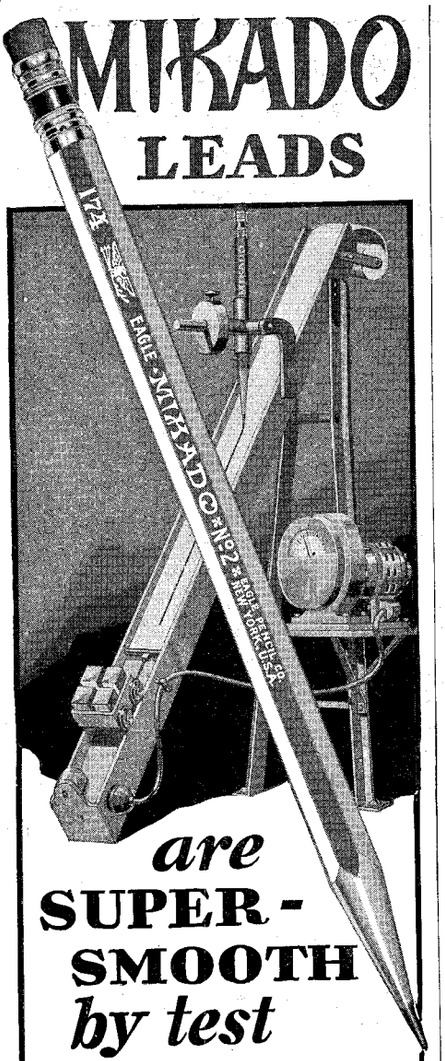

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Connie Mack, Ace of Diamonds

FOXY Mr. Foxx, that "bullet-headed young man from the eastern shore of Maryland, who gave up farming to hit baseballs to distant points for Connie Mack, cracked his bat against one of Burleigh Grimes's offerings."

That wallop, we learn as we read J. Roy Stockton's account in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, led to a homer, that led to the end of a pitchers' duel. It made Mr. Foxx a hero. But it did even more than that.

It was the definite turning-point in the recent world series, the series that has added more jewels to the already glittering crown on the sandy gray head of that skinny, tall ace of diamonds—Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics.

Jimmy Foxx's heroic homer came at precisely the right moment. The series, between the Athletics of the American League and Gabby Street's St. Louis Cardinals of the National League, was tied at two games to each side. Now it was the fifth meeting, in Sportsman's Park, St. Louis. In the ninth inning the score was 0 to 0. Surely it was the psychological moment for some stirring baseball drama.

AND what happened?

"There should be a law against the thing Jimmy Foxx did!" Louis La Coss exclaims in mock exasperation in his account of the incident in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

It isn't right, this home-town reporter continues, "for a visitor to come to St. Louis, accept of hospitality and then throw his host into nervous prostration by taking liberties with a pitched ball and catapulting it over the fence for a home run. But that is just what the Foxx from Philadelphia did, scored himself and Micky Cochrane for the two runs that won the fifth game of the world's series for the men of Connie Mack."

This, of course, did not finish matters, altho it gave the A's the long end of a score in games of 3 to 2. The Philadelphians still had to go back home, to Shibe Park, where the presence of President Hoover had dignified the first game of the series. There the Mackmen won the final game, and the series 4 to 2. It was Connie's fifth world title won just a quarter-century after the first series in which he participated.

But for the conclusion of the stirring ninth-inning business perpetrated by Jimmy Foxx in the fifth game, we pursue the account of Mr. La Coss:

For sheer drama there has never been such a game in a world's series in recent years. For eight innings Burleigh Grimes, on the mound for the Cards, yielded but four hits. During that same period the Athletics' slabsters had held the St. Louisans to a paltry three hits, none of them good for a run.

A scoreless game with both teams playing airtight baseball behind sensational hurling. Then Grimes walked Micky Cochrane to start the ninth.

Up came Foxx.

On the first pitch—a speeding bullet that cut the plate—he smote with mighty mace, and the ball soared far, far away into the center-field bleachers, while Douthit and Hafey, who had started to chase it, gazed impotently as it was caught by one of the dollar occupants of the cheap seats.

BUT other heroes clamor for our attention, such mighty men as Gelbert, Hallahan, Haines, Earnshaw, Grove, and Simmons.

International Newsreel photograph

No Hard Feelings

Gabby and Connie wish each other well.

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The name of the greatest hero, however, does not appear in this list.

Cheer Earnshaw, Gordon Mackay counsels us in a signed editorial in the Philadelphia *Record*, "rattle the welkin for Simmons, for Foxx, for Cochrane, for Grove, for all those heroes—and all of them deserve the accolade and acclaim—but the real victor was Connie Mack." Reading on in this tribute to the Athletics' beloved veteran manager:

He is sixty-seven years old, skinny and tall, and his hair still shows a trace of the sand that his youth knew. To-day he stands on the same pinnacle he reached a year ago, when from the cellar he climbed to the heights.

His name is Cornelius McGillicuddy, shortened into the easy cadence of Connie Mack. His foster-mother, Philadelphia, has already honored him through the Bok Award as one of her most valuable sons and citizens of highest renown.

But when Bing Miller gathered that high fly from the bat of Jimmy Wilson in the ninth inning at Shibe Park, Connie Mack had created one of his supreme achievements in a golden baseball career.

Not that he had won another world's championship to match the four others that have gone before. Not that he had piloted his men to the highest honors that baseball knows in all its wide-flung domains.

No, sir; that title that proudly adorns the fledgling just coming up from rookiedom to the veteran like Quinn and Rommel and the others is vested more in the personal endeavors of Cornelius McGillicuddy than in any vassal he owns.

With two magnificent pitchers and three great ball players he jockeyed and he worked and he toiled and he manipulated until the American League pennant and the 1930 world's championship are visible symbols that Connie Mack is still the greatest of all managers.

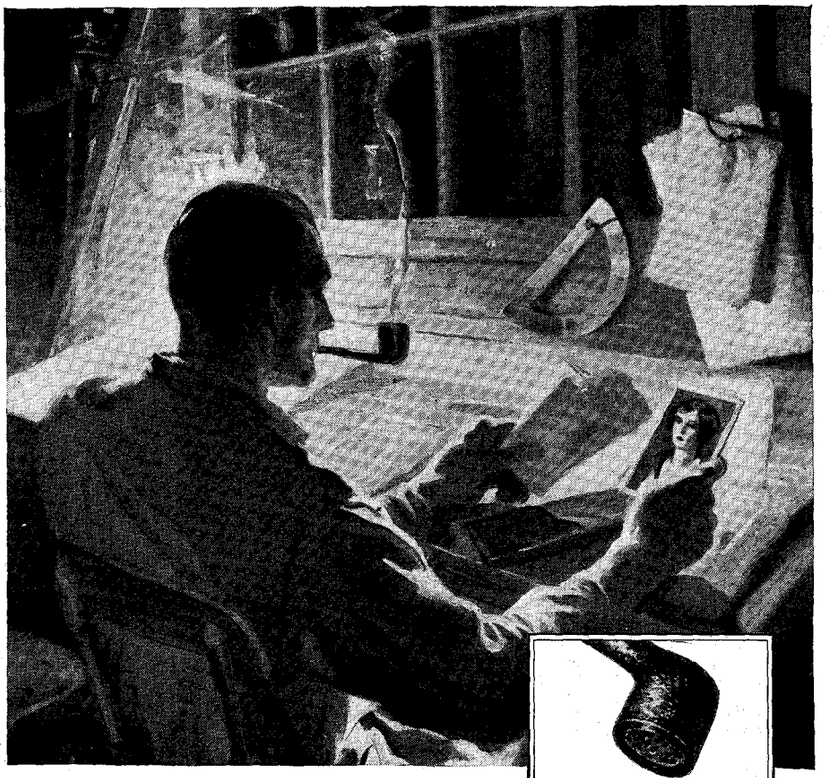
It was his brain, his labor, his wigwagging out there with that scorecard, dog-eared and distrest, that brought home the bacon. So go ahead and give the cheers to the boys in the trenches, but remember that the lad who always led the charge was the skinny General McGillicuddy himself.

CONNIE MACK became manager of the Athletics in 1901, we learn, turning to the "All-Sports Record Book," compiled by Frank G. Menke. Since then his team has led the American League in 1902, 1905, 1910, 1911, 1913, 1914, 1929, and 1930.

He has won the world series in 1910, from the Cubs; in 1911 and 1913, from the Giants; in 1929, from the Cubs; and in 1930, from the Cardinals. Mack went into his first world series in 1905, when the A's lost to the Giants.

The players of that long-past series are no longer in action, Grantland Rice reminds us in his copyrighted column in the New York *Sun*. But, he continues:

The brain of Connie Mack is keener to-day than it was in 1905. Harry Davis, Socks Seybold, Ossie Screck, Chief Bender, Eddie Plank, Topsy Hartsel, Danny Murphy, Monte Cross, all forgotten or merely memories of what used to be. But the brain of Connie Mack directs another world series twenty-five years later,



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And dream my day dreams o'er again".
—R. R.

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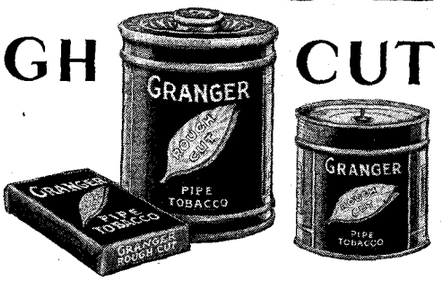

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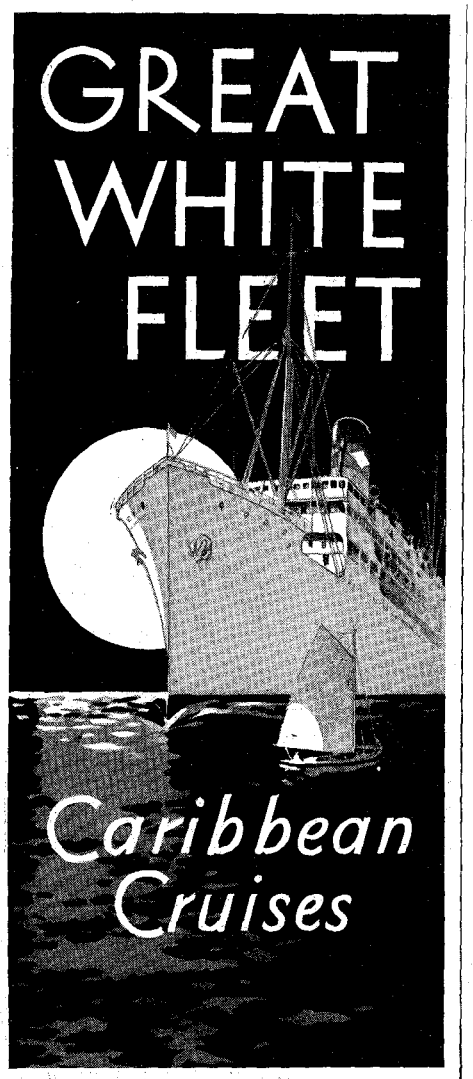

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and it is one of the main barricades in the Cardinals' path.

Legs, arms, and eyes only last so long when it comes to facing competition. The head and what is in the head are something else again. Connie Mack could direct a world series ten years from now when the members of his present squad are also forgotten—most of them, at least. He looks to be in better health now than he was a year ago—or two years ago. He has found a team that could win—and that could repeat. And the real champion must repeat to prove his place.

CONNIE MACK, this writer further reminds us, was a world series figure long before such heroes as Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, and Bill Tilden appeared on the scene. And he is still going strong.

By this time, then, it would not be too fantastic to assume that a world series is "old stuff" to Mack, that something unusual must happen to stir him to great enthusiasm. If we wish to defend this thesis, Rud Rennie is at hand with this evidence, which we quote from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

When the last St. Louis batter was retired there was a perfunctory shout. Big shouting had been done early in the game when the Athletics were collecting their runs.

Mr. Mack emerged from the dugout with his men at his heels. He stopt in the runway to say a few words to a microphone which had been set up there. Then he followed his players to the club-house.

He was as calm as a cup of cold consommé.

There had been little to excite him. There was nothing in the game comparable to the last game of the 1929 series when the Athletics came from behind in the last inning to win for him, and he was so excited he had to lie down in his office before he could talk.

After paying his respects to his players, he went up-stairs to his private office overlooking the crowded street. He sat down and passed his hands over his gray hair.

"Well," he said smiling, "there's not much to be said. It was the easiest game of the series. I feel the Cards played all their cards and, ah, went down fighting. I am proud to say our opponents made us play hard. And I am proud of my boys. While this victory does give me my fifth world championship, I don't think the credit should come to me, but to the team.

"In the spring I said a team, to be great, had to be able to repeat. I now think this team can be called great. It not only has repeated. It did so by beating a good team."

Mr. Mack found his hat, put it on and went out a back door as if nothing had happened.

After sixty-seven years, forty-six of which have been passed in baseball, a ball game must be a ball game before Mr. Mack can become enthusiastic. To win a fifth world championship flag is a distinction which no other major-league manager is likely to enjoy for many years, but when it is won by a score of 7 to 1, it loses some of its zest.

And now for a St. Louis hero—Wild Bill Hallahan, the Cardinal southpaw who pitched his team to a 5 to 0 victory in the third game. He showed "the poise of a veteran, the speed of a battering-ram,

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and the confidence of a champion of champions," Sid C. Keener, sports editor, tells us in the St. Louis *Star*, continuing:

Hallahan convinced the National League followers that the House of Mack is not superhuman.

In hurling this victory, Hallahan registered the thirty-second shutout in all world series history—and put over the first set of ciphers in a championship struggle since the afternoon of October 5, 1926, when Jesse Haines slipt a row of horse-collars around the necks of the fence-busting Yankees.

Without any special ceremonies as game time neared, Hallahan toed the pitching rubber to go through his warm-up with Jimmy Wilson, the catcher. All eyes were centered on this wild man on the hill. Hallahan, the twenty-six-year-old kid, carried the burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. One more defeat for the Cardinals and the National League would have been shamed into bitter defeat.

Hallahan was the man of the hour, rather the boy of the moment. He finished the preliminary limbering-up session, nodded to Gabby Street that his arm was "O. K." and the game was on.

Exactly one hour and fifty-five minutes later, Hallahan strolled off the mound leisurely. He had fanned Jimmy Dykes, who hits 'em high and far in the pinch. The game was over. Gabby Street, the manager, and Sam Breadon, the president, rushed out to greet their world series hero. Gabby with a hop, skip and jump, threw his arms around Hallahan's neck. Bill removed the last chew of tobacco.

"Thanks, Gabby," was all Hallahan said.

The A's are a canny lot when it comes to hits. Seldom do they waste one, we decide, scanning the box scores. In the first game, which the Philadelphians won 5 to 2, they turned five hits into five runs. In the last game, in which they triumphed 7 to 1, they made their seven runs from seven hits. And here are some more statistics on the final game, presented by George H. Dixon in the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

Get these figures, and get 'em right. Never has a World's Series seen them before and never may again. Here they are:

Two home runs—Dykes and Simmons.

Five two-baggers—one for Dykes, one for Cochrane, one for Jimmy Foxx, and two for good old Bing Miller.

Again nary a single.

Study the box score all winter and you won't find one. When A's players hit the ball, they like plenty of exercise.

But after all is said and done, it was a pitcher's triumph, this writer tells us, adding that the pitcher was George Earnshaw, a little matter that needs no explaining. Reading on:

He allowed St. Louis only five hits, three of which happened to be two-sackers, but they proved about as useful as "keep-off-the-grass signs" on a football field.

If you want to know more about this fellow Earnshaw, he allowed only two runs in the twenty-five innings he pitched this series. For twenty-two straight innings he didn't give the Cardinals a score. In sixteen consecutive innings, exclusive of the wind-up, he permitted but six measly, no-account hits.

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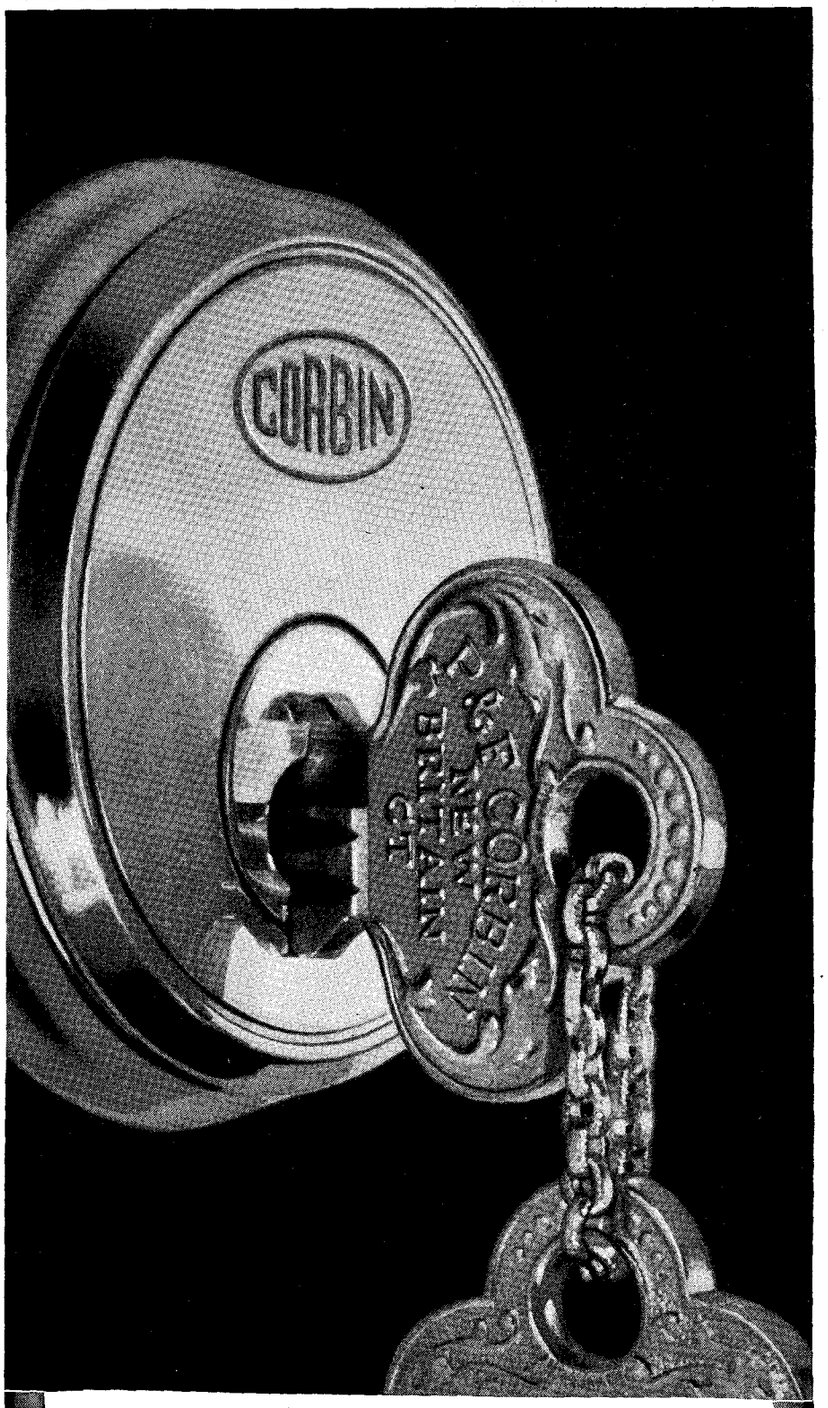

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—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

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The Biggest Loafer of Them All

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

PICTORIAL SUGGESTIONS FOR SPEEDING BUSINESS RECOVERY

Shall We Spend or Save?

"SPEND TWENTY DOLLARS and start the return of prosperity," said Mayor Curley of Boston a few days ago. "Let's buy something" runs an admonition reprinted in newspaper editorial recipes telling us how to stimulate trade. Comes a prominent economist to tell us that if people would only spend $5 more apiece on the average per week, the depression would be over in few weeks.

On the other hand, come bankers to rejoice that "we have begun to save again," and to declare that "the basic structure of business is savings." "Thrift is a virtue," declares one editor, in times of depression as well as in other times.

So the question confronts the puzzled newspaper reader: "Shall we spend a lot or save a lot?"

Naturally some editors try to reconcile the two hostile schools of thought by calling for "judicious" spending, by pointing out a middle road somewhere between hoarding and overspending.

But the discussion brings out two quite different points of view, and it will be interesting to quote a few representative statements from those who advocate a "spending" campaign to spur up business revival and those who are afraid of waste and are glad to see the banks accumulating savings funds for investment.

To hear first from the "spenders," we find the Raleigh *News and Observer* calling attention to this admonition and recommending it to its readers:

> Let's buy something.
>
> It makes no difference what—a hat or a suit of clothes—a pair of shoes or a pair of socks—a new automobile or furniture for your home and office. What you buy, people will have to make—it will put them to work, and they will have money to spend for what you have to sell.
>
> Start now—buy to-day, to-morrow, and the next day. It won't be long before the wheels of all industry will be humming, and your money will come back to you.
>
> American business to-day needs buyers—lots of them.

Business men, observes the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, "have been pointing out for several weeks that what is needed most now to accelerate the wheels of industry is a policy of judicious spending by the well-to-do—those whose incomes enable them to enjoy the luxuries as well as the necessities of life."

Speaking at Boston, the economist, William Trufant Foster, recently argued this way:

> We have been saving for a rainier day, and all we need to do now is to keep on saving hard enough and the rainier day will arrive.
>
> Right now consumers are buying too little and saving too much. For saved money does the country no good until it is invested; and it is sheer waste to invest more money in more machines, mines, and mills than the country can use.
>
> Right now the country as a whole can not save anything worth saving. It can merely pile up more idle capital.

Secretary Lamont's counsel that the average person should continue to buy normally the things he needs is hailed as sound and sensible by the Detroit *Free Press*, and the New York *American* advocates "wise, intelligent, and careful spending."

BUT without denying such moderate statements, a number of writers and speakers object to the idea that people ought not to save in such times as the present. As President T. F. Wallace of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks is quoted in the New York *Times:*

> The basic structure of business is savings. Business can not get credit unless it has some cash, and a large part of this cash is furnished by the institutions which collect the savings of thousands and put them into one mobile mass.

"How can a country 'save' too much, if it really 'saves'?" asks *The Wall Street Journal*—"will the country be the better off on the whole if the mortgage on the home is allowed to remain and instead a second car placed in the garage?"

"Thrift is a virtue, and wastefulness is an evil in time of depression as at any other time," contends the Columbus *Dispatch.*

Noting the two different view-points, the New York *Journal*

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of Commerce is unconvinced by "the theory that all that is essential to prosperity is that we should spend and spend." Apparently, we read, "it is forgotten by many that saving is an essential preliminary to any kind of buying, whether it be jewelry, automobiles, or boots and shoes."

FROM various industries come pleas to buy more of this, that, or the other. In fact, comments *The Journal of Commerce*, "the consumer is being asked to buy more of everything at a time when he is often unable to pay for pressing immediate necessities." In short, it continues—

> The average man spends what he makes. When he spends more for this thing, it is a foregone conclusion that he will have less money to use in buying something else.
>
> The blind habit of concentrating attention on any single industry or group of industries when in search of ways and means to bring about prosperity may be excusable in the ignorant, but it is the business of trained advisers to see the economic and business structure as a whole. If they do, they must realize that slogans and formulas can not bring about revival. That is a slow process, and only sure in proportion as it is based upon acceptance of the buying habits of the people, and accurate gaging of their ability to pay for what they consume.

THIS question whether to save or to spend interests the Boston *Post* so much that it sends a reporter to put it up to Dr. Thomas N. Carver, Harvard Professor of Political Economy. The professor condemns excessive saving, but disapproves of excessive spending. He concludes that periods of depression are good times in which to buy necessities, because prices are likely to be low. And he holds with the spending theory thus far: if people "would keep right on spending at their usual rate, or a little more if they could afford it, they would aid the return of good times." But he observes that the violent protagonists of the theory go much further:

> Right now, certain so-called production engineers are preaching the doctrine to the consuming public that the rapid destruction of goods, either through wear and tear, obsolescence or a mere change of style, is a good thing, that it stimulates production, gives employment to labor, and helps business.
>
> If these production engineers are so sure of the truth of their doctrine, why don't they extend it to the plants of their employers?
>
> Why doesn't some brave production engineer advise his employer to put emery in the bearings of his machines so that they will wear out faster and have to be replaced, thereby bringing great joy and prosperity to the makers of machinery and their employees? There's just one reason why he doesn't: he would join the ranks of the unemployed very suddenly.

And "to the merchant who urges customers to buy beyond good judgment, on the plea that such buying will promote prosperity," Professor Carver would say:

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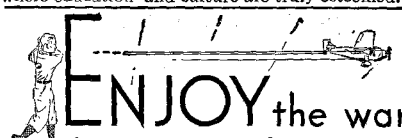

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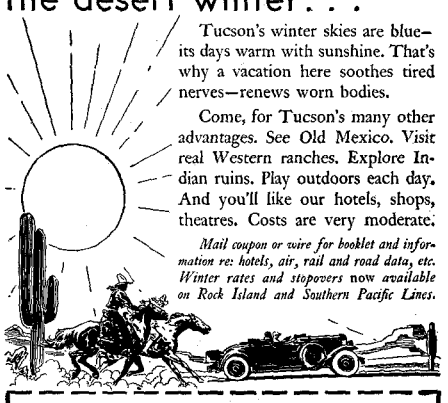

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but how about that of other folk? When I see you taking your own medicine by doing away with your cash registers so that you can employ a horde of cash girls; when I see you encouraging the breaking of show cases or replacing them before they have outlived their usefulness; when I see you employing so many clerks that no customers will have to wait a single minute, even during the rush hours or sales—when I see you doing all that, and more, then I'll listen to your story.

At this point the *Post* reporter asked the Harvard economist if there is any way to get rid of these recurring periods of depression. Human nature being as it is, Dr. Carver doubts it, but he thinks we could level off the peaks of prosperity as well as the valleys of depression by the universal adoption of a budgeting system whereby every one saved, say ten per cent., in good times and in bad. And this economist feels convinced that:

If every one saved at least 10 per cent. of his earnings, periods of unemployment would have no terror; we would go on living in our usual manner until things picked up again. The very fact of our ability to do this would cut short the length of the depression and also greatly decrease its intensity.

And Dr. Carver offers this final remark:

For the persons who are unaffected financially by the business slump, it might be a good thing for the community at large for them to choose periods of depression to raise their standards of living. But let them not forget that standards of living include savings and insurance.

Muzzling the Wall Street Bears

IT IS "enough to make Daniel Drew, the historic Ursa Major, turn over in his more or less honored grave," comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*, speaking of the war on bear raiders which has been launched by the New York Stock Exchange and New York State authorities.

Editorial opinion in general approves this campaign.

Reckless bear raiders and those who spread rumors and "vicious lies" in order to demoralize stock prices can not be checked by the mere presence of public contempt, declares the Boston *Transcript*—"to restrain such rampant selfishness, a definite leverage is required, an active power to mete out punitive discipline." It will be remembered that first the New York Stock Exchange warned its membership against the dissemination of false rumors calculated to bring about severe liquidation in the stock market, and later warned brokers not to assist in stock sales intended to demoralize prices. And then the State Attorney General's office announced that it was prepared to prosecute persons spreading false rumors about securities.

Now the Stock Exchange hasn't the slightest idea of discountenancing short selling as such, says the New York *Times*, since its officials agree with most bankers and economists that short selling serves a useful purpose. But they do want to stop what the newspapers call "vicious raids," and brokers are said to feel that much recent unsettlement in prices is "due to unwise and reckless short selling."

There are those in Wall Street, we read in the same New York paper, who hope that the rule invoked by the Exchange in its recent warning, has "a double edge"—

In other words, "purchases or sales of securities or offers to purchase or sell securities for the purpose of upsetting the equilibrium of the market, and bringing about a condition of demoralization in which prices will not fairly reflect market values" might well be prohibited, they held, in times of untoward bullish inflation as in times of unjustified bear selling. The wording of the Exchange's admonition leaves no doubt that it is the intention to make the rule apply to both extremes of speculation.

Many newspaper editors clearly feel that such an intention will be only fair. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* puts it:

Here is a ring in which bears have ever torn bulls and bulls have gored bears, to the delight of all the mammoth gamblers of the world.

A fair fight and no favor has been the rule.

Now the bulls are still to be rampant, and the bears are to be muzzled. Is this bad sportsmanship, or is it not?

And the Philadelphia *Record* asks:

How are they going to distinguish, in thousands of cases, between short selling, which is justified by actual conditions, and that which is designed to lower the market artificially?

Furthermore, by what process of reasoning can they discountenance campaigns to depress prices while facilitating campaigns to inflate prices?

If it is "demoralizing" to hammer prices down, what of organized efforts to push them up?

If it is reprehensible for the bears to manipulate prices so that they "do not fairly represent market values," how about the bull campaigns which a year ago sent quotations skyrocketing to absurdly high levels?

Which inflicts more hurt on the public and the repute of the Exchange—a bear market which is virtually confined to professionals, or an inflated bull market which tempts multitudes of little amateur speculators to gamble on the shifting figures of the tape?

The same points are raised by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which goes on to remark:

As a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange is faced to-day with the same sort of price demoralization that prevails over a wide field of trade and industry. And like other organizations it seeks to find an explanation for excessive declines in deliberate mischief making on the part of "bear" operators.

No doubt instances of this kind exist and should be checked, but they are a result rather than a cause of the demoralized state of the markets.

In the recent collapse of wheat, the Russians figured as the scapegoat "bears,"

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because they sold on a weak and falling market. Thus by an illogical transition they were charged with responsibility for the condition of weakness and depression.

Similarly in the stock market, "bear" operators in a period of general liquidation of securities make themselves highly unpopular by attempting to profit from a liquidation process that is bringing heavy losses to non-speculative holders of securities.

The truth is that in stocks as in commodities, prices have in some cases declined below levels that would normally be regarded as reasonable. It requires no theory of "bear" machinations to explain how this has been brought about, nor why it persists, even after bargain levels are reached.

The primary weakness grows out of the state of ultimate demand, whether it be consumers' demands for wheat, cotton, etc., or investors' demands for securities.

Bear raids, we are told, "are symptomatic of stock-market demoralization, not primarily responsible for it." With many sellers ready to unload and the public afraid to buy, the result "is one that offers a happy playground in which to carry on 'bear' operations." Concludes *The Journal of Commerce:*

So long as a large volume of undigested securities remains in the hands of banks and individuals, who desire or are forced to sell them, while the ultimate investor refuses to buy, we are likely to witness recurrent periods of exceptional market weakness accompanied by bear raids.

The Stock Exchange authorities are doubtless well advised in attempting to curb the exuberance of certain "bear" speculators under the given conditions.

Permanent guaranties against unwarranted declines in quotations, however, await the revival of a genuine investment demand capable and willing to absorb excess supplies of securities.

Seeking an "Indicator" of Business Recovery

ALL the Wall Street statisticians are looking for some sure indicator of an approaching upturn in business. But, writes Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, they simply can not decide on one. When Mr. Garrett asked a number of the leading economists in the financial district, both for the sure sign of recovery and the best method of relieving depression, he was offered answers too varied for any generalization. It seemed to be "a case where the doctors disagree, not only on the treatment but on the vital spots to watch for the first signs of improvement in the patient." Mr. Garrett lists twelve items recommended as dependable signs of an upturn:

1. Freight-car loadings received more votes than any other item.
2. Commodity prices were viewed by several as the most important curve to watch.
3. Building contracts.
4. Stocks of inventories.
5. Volume of money in circulation.
6. Interest rates.
7. Member bank borrowings.
8. Ingot production.
9. Wheat exports.
10. World spinners' takings of cotton.
11. Kilowatt hours.
12. New orders.

Then when the editor asked for remedies he received even more suggestions, as follows:

1. Lower tariff.
2. A more vigorous "anti-deflation" policy by the Federal Reserve, such as Eugene Meyer "will probably inaugurate."
3. Heavy purchases of bills in the open market by the Federal Reserve System.
4. An extension of consumer credits.
5. Writing off of inventories.
6. Low money rates.
7. Adjustment of retail prices to wholesale level.
8. Wage adjustments.
9. Immediate heavy purchase of government securities by the Reserve.
10. Guaranty by executives of "no wage reductions."
11. Employment by Government of those now idle.
12. Public utility and railroad construction work through further expansion in bond financing.
13. A full and frank discussion of facts as they are.

MR. GARRETT is inclined to think that all these economists forgot the "subtle force of psychology," for "what usually turns the tide in business at this stage of full depression is a reversed attitude on the part of the public and industry that makes men suddenly start to buy goods."

Commenting on the varied list quoted by Mr. Garrett, a writer on the New York *Times* looks back over recent financial history to notice what has led in business recovery after each depression:

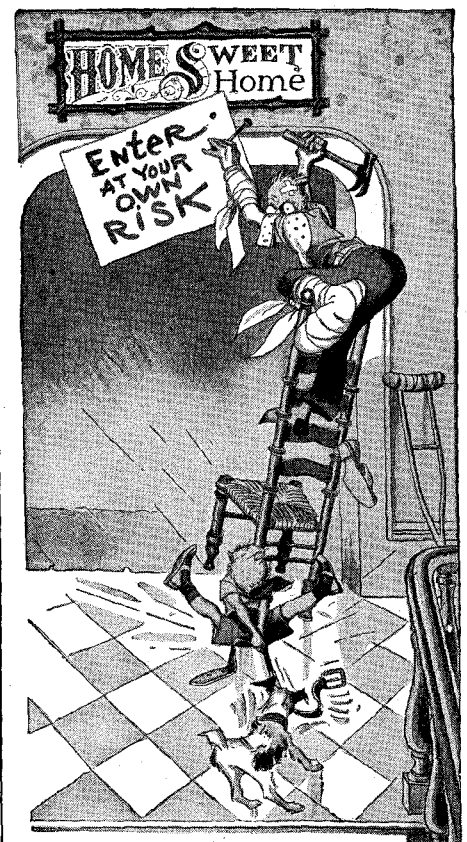
As a matter of fact, among what might be called major statistics the recovery of 1921 was forecast in December, 1920, by cotton consumption, which led other operations in the upturn. Automobile output and boot-and-shoe production rose in January, 1921. Car loadings rose in March, and bituminous coal output the same month.

The recovery from the 1924 reaction was led by bituminous coal production, in April. Car loadings, automobile production, cotton and wool consumption, exports, and steel sheet orders showed improvement in June. Bituminous coal production again led the upward trend in the shorter slump of 1927, followed by steel-sheet orders in August, electric power output in October, and steel-ingot production and automobile output in November.

The conclusion is reached that there is no "sure" indicator of the turning-point, tho "a soundly constructed index of general business activity will mark the recovery early enough for all practical purposes." It is further remarked that:

An accurate barometer of retail sales by units of merchandise sold would probably prove the best forecaster, but no such index is now available.

Dollar volume of trade is subject to price influences which affect its accuracy.



BE it ever so palatial, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home for walloping one's thumb with a hammer—and who hasn't! Not all of us, however, will get off that easy.

Slipping in the bathtub, tumbling downstairs, stumbling over the children's playthings—such everyday incidents account for two out of every five non-fatal home accidents—while one out of every four *fatal* injuries occurs under the domestic roof.

But why all the gloom? You *can't* help what you cant help! But *you can* Ætna-ize—and make home, *sweet* home.

An Ætna Accident Policy will help keep you on your feet financially—and, of course, provide for the family should the accident prove fatal.

Why not see or phone the Ætna Agent in your community for details? He's a man worth knowing. Tear this out as a reminder.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Skeptic's Argument.—Little Mae, four years old, when told that a noise from the cellar was a burglar, replied, "Oh, but I don't believe in burglars."—*Parents' Magazine.*

Why Not Ear-Muffs?—"Mummy, you bought sister a piano, so buy me a bicycle."

"What for?"

"So that I can go riding while she practises."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

Accessibility Plus.—MR. SPINKES—"But why did you buy a dachshund for the children?"

MR. LINKES—"So that they can all pet him at once."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Moving Hiatus.—I was warning my little neighbor about being careful crossing streets. "Oh, don't worry," the child assured me. "I always wait for the empty space to come by."—*Parents' Magazine.*

Duel of Generosity.—MERCHANT—"Look here, you've been owing me this bill for a year. I'll meet you half-way. I'm ready to forget half what you owe."

DEBTOR—"Fine! I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half."—*Kennebec Journal.*

He Knows Better—"We have been married a year and never quarrel. If a difference of opinion arises and I am right, Felix always gives in immediately."

"And if he is right?"

"That never occurs."—*Fliegende Blatter (Munich).*

Words, Words, Words.—The teacher was putting questions to the class. "What do we call a man," he asked, "who keeps on talking and talking when people are no longer interested?"

"Please, sir," replied a boy, "a teacher."—*Hyde Reporter.*

When 'Tis Folly to Be Wise.—POSSIBLE EMPLOYER—"But you're asking for a rather high wage, seeing that you know nothing about the work."

APPLICANT—"But, you see, not knowin' the work makes it so much harder for me."—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

Enough for Cats and Dogs.—WEATHER MAN—"Put down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

ASSISTANT—"Are you positive, sir?"

WEATHER MAN—"Yes, indeed. I've lost my umbrella. I'm planning to play golf, and my wife's giving a lawn-party."—*Chicago News.*

Mum's the Word.—"My boy," said the business man to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business.

"What are they, dad?"

"Honesty and sagacity."

"What is honesty?"

"Always—no matter what happens, nor how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it."

"And sagacity?"

"Never give it."—*Montreal Star.*

Earning Their Keep.—"How are you getting on keeping bees?"

"Very well. We have not had much honey, but the bees have stung my mother-in-law several times."—*Passing Show.*

Born Showman.—"But, darling, if your ear ache is better, why do you keep on crying?"

"I'm waiting for D-Daddy to c-come home. He's never s-seen me with an earache!"—*Humorist.*

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"We'll Be Having Corn Soon, Mary!"
—"Life."

His Alibi.—The Altoona (Kan.) *Tribune* reports a resident of that town who appears on the porch of his home whenever his wife starts singing, so the neighbors can see he isn't whipping her.—*Troy Times.*

Mendacity Made Visible.—The drunk halted in front of an enormous stuffed tarpon in a glass case. He stared at it for a minute or two in silence. Then he said: "The fella who caught—hic—that fish is a—hic—liar!"—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Tireless Executive.—An old Scottish woman, who had never been known to say an ill word about anybody, was one day taken to task by her husband.

"Janet," he said impatiently, "I do believe ye'd say a guid word for the de'il himself."

"Ah, weel," was the reply, "he may na be sae guid as he micht be, but he's a very industrious body."—*Montreal Star.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Hungry to Bed.—He is described as having brown hair, turning gray, and all his supper teeth are missing.—*Denver Post.*

But We're Nonchalant.—Cigaret output in the United States up to July 1 was 59,425,164, a rise of nearly 900,000,000.—*Idaho paper.*

Without Gloves, We Trust.—"They worked with an ax in one hand, and a gun in the other, and a Bible in the other."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Also Necnec?—People of the Northwestern counties drive to Seattle to nienic in Woodland Park.—*Seattle Times, quoted by the Bellevue (Wash.) American.*

Big Game.—
TO INVITE PRINCE OF
WALES TO KILL DEVIL
—*Head-lines in a North Carolina paper.*

We'd Like to See a Paddle-Wheel.—The tree to which Columbus tied his ships when he had steamed up the Ozama River is partly preserved.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Enough to Make 'Em Wild.—NOTICE—Wild Peasants Released on John Adams Farm, Dupont Game Reserve.—*Sign erected near Hibbing, Minn., and photographed by a Spice of Life scout.*

Count 'Em!—Marysville, O., Aug. 19.—Harry E. Taylor, school principal here, has a stone apple-butter jar that has been in his family for 109 years. Next year it will be 110 years.—*San Francisco News.*

Roll Your Own.—
CULVER CITY FUNERAL PARLORS
Prompt Delivery Service
Cash Carry at Store
—*Ad in a Los Angeles paper.*

Shakes the Rafters.—The Princess has a soprano voice of singular beauty, and she is so technically resourceful that she seems to have all the timbers of the orchestra at her command.—*National Arts Club Bulletin.*

Looking Backward.—Professor Kyle of Xenia Theological Seminary declared it is possible from the discoveries to fix the dates of the periods of Abraham, of the exodus and also of the conquest of Canada.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Going Up in the World.—
QUALITY SPECIAL
For Saturday
2 Dozen Mixed Cookies for
25c
Regular Price 15c
—*Ad in a Chariton (Iowa) paper.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

buddy.—"W. W.," New York City.—*Buddy* is a very old term, and so far as it is a common adjective, very rare; for it means, "full of or like buds," and it may be because of our association of the bud with the flower, the flower with the leaf, and the leaf with the plant, that we took this word and applied it to our companions in arms—the *buds* from many a family-tree—in the World War. But history repeats itself with words as with many other things. When we used *buddy* the pendulum of time merely swung back and brought with it the Middle English *butty*, that has been traced to the French *butin*, which was used side by side with *booty*, to designate one who shares spoil or booty with another. Our *buddy* of to-day was the *butty* of the north country of Britain, in the days when Grose lived (1731-1791). Then it meant a chum or intimate friend: a fellow worker, mate or partner. The term has been met frequently in English dialect stories. In his novel, "Sybil," Disraeli, who used it in 1845, explained that a *butty*, in the mining districts, is a middleman who has a doggy as a manager. The butty keeps a tommy- or truck-shop, that is what we know as a company store, and pays the wages of his laborers in goods. But the meaning of the term has been extended, and we find that in 1859, Henry Kingsley in "Geoffrey Hamlyn," writing of prisoners who had been together for twenty-five years, makes one of them say, "I shouted for him (that is, stood drinks for him), and he for me, and at last I says, 'Butty, who are those chaps round here on the lay?'"

Those of us who have played marbles may remember some of the rules of the game. In the English Midlands it runs, "Butty canna foller butty," which means that in the game one partner can not follow one on his own side. In English dialects the term is not restricted to the male sex, for example in the southeast of Worcestershire, around Pershore, Evesham, and Broadway, one frequently hears, "'Er's my butty when I weshes at the pawson's." In the Black Country, blast-furnace men who work alternately on the night-shift and the day-shift are termed *butties*. Even so, the *butty* is not always the equal of his partner; for instance, in a saw-mill he is an inferior man—I know for I worked in one—but in some other occupations, merely a younger one. The butty-gang is a gang in which all men share equally, and the butty-shop, a company's store where formerly goods were given on account of wages. Among boys, the *butty* is the one upon whom all the hard work falls, he is the catspaw or drudge.

From the companionship drawn of men and women working together, the noun has become a verb and persons who have worked together are said to have *buttied*. In Warwickshire, sweethearts who keep company describe their associations as *buttying* with each other.

gap; gape.—"J. J. H.," New York City.—The participles of the verb *gap* are *gapped* and *gapping*. The meaning is, "To make an opening or cause a breach in." The participles of *gape* are *gaped* and *gaping*. The meaning of this word is "To open the mouth wide or to split or crack open wide." In the sentence submitted the intention is to convey what is commonly known as a *gaping* hole (pronounced *gayping*), rather than a *gapping* one. See Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" (act ii, sc. 4, l. 59): "Who art thou, that lately didst descend into this *gaping* hollow of the earth?"

jewel, jeweler, jeweller.—"A. L.," Glace Bay, N. S., Canada.—The words *jewel*, *jeweler*, or *jeweller*, and *jewelry* or *jewellery* are from Anglo-French *juel*, from Old French *joel*, Middle French *jouel*, Modern French *joyau*, jewel, ultimately from French *jouer*, play; hence, a plaything or trinket. The terms are not related to the word *Jew* which is from the Old English *Iudeas*—that was the common form before the *J* displaced the *I*—from Hebrew *Y'hudah*, English *Judah*, the ancient tribe descended from the fourth son of Jacob and Leah. See *Genesis* 29:36.

muchly.—"W. V. C.," Greensboro, N. C.—A humoristic formation characterized as "slang," and meaning, usually, "greatly." When first introduced, the term was ridiculed by Birkenhead who, in his treatise on "The Assembly-Man," said of the subject of a criticism: "Commonly 'tis larded with fine new words, as savingable, *muchly*, etc." William Morris used it seriously and in the sense "chiefly" when he wrote: "I took this place *muchly* for the sake of its water-power."

time.—"L. P. K." Oklahoma City, Okla.—*Time* is continuous and limitless duration as the necessary condition of all actual occurrences, whether physical or mental, and all real existences whether material or spiritual. The discussion of the origin, nature, and applicability to the real world of the time-concept has been, in the history of philosophical speculation, always closely connected with the similar discussion of the concept of space.

SMOKE AND YELL?

WHEN YELLING FOR TOUCHDOWNS SPEEDS UP YOUR CIGARETTES AND DRIES UP YOUR THROAT . . . REMEMBER THAT GREAT HAPPY-MOUTH CIGARETTE . . . WHICH BRINGS CONTINUOUS, MOIST-COOL TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

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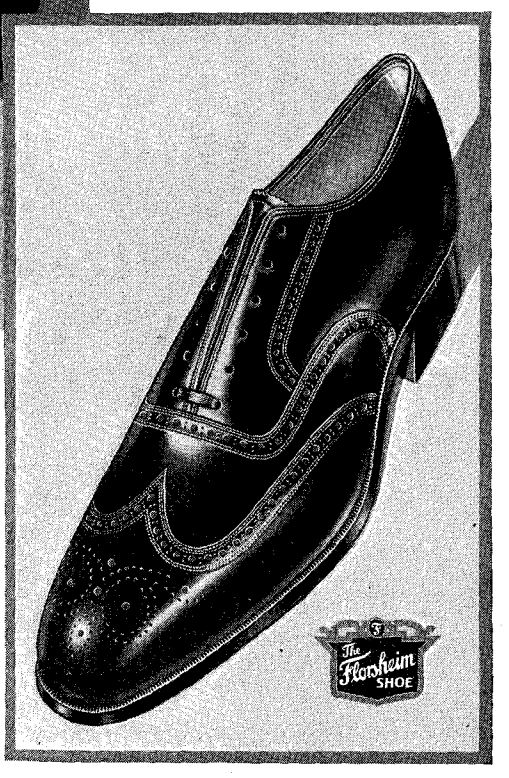

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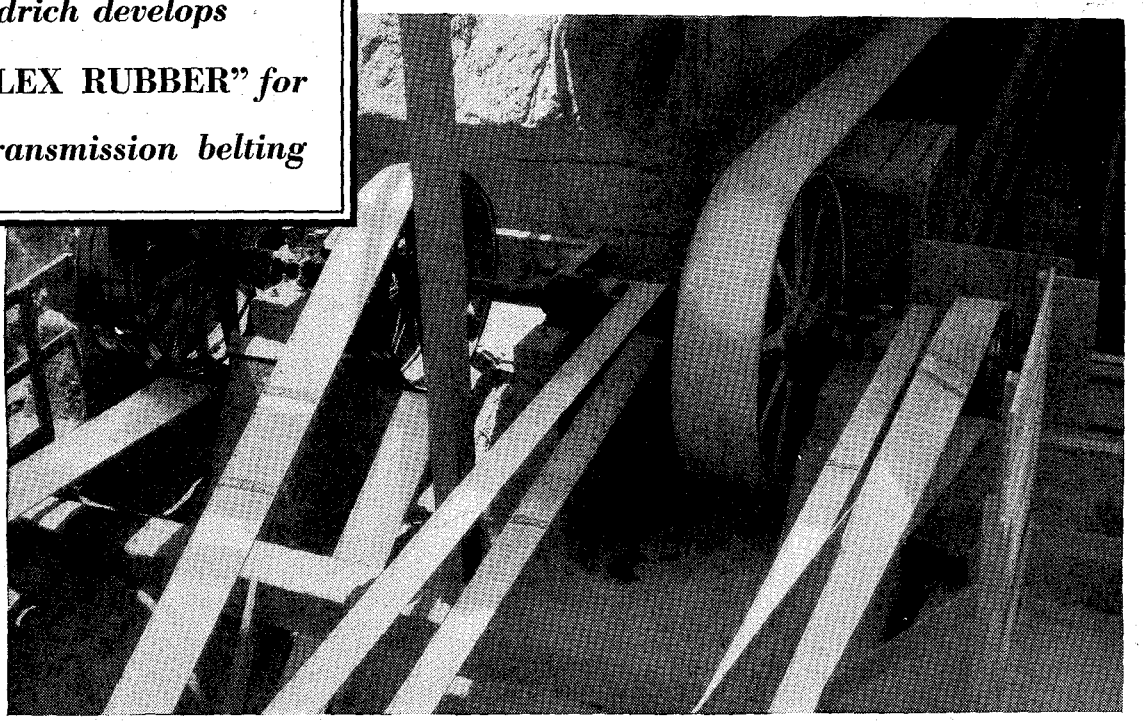
A New Rubber now turns the wheels of Industry

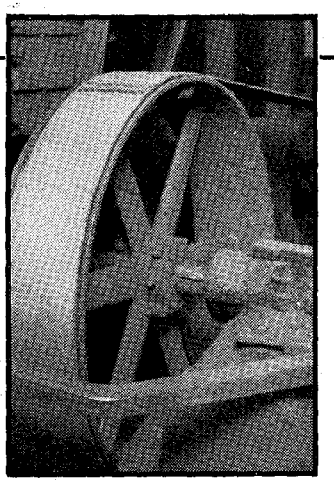
Goodrich develops "HIGHFLEX RUBBER" for power-transmission belting



IF you could visit manufacturing plants in every kind of industry, you would see thousands of *belts* turning the humming machinery . . . belts ranging from one inch up to two or three feet in width . . . belts made of several plies of cotton fabric—held together by *rubber*.

If you studied the matter a little you would find that this rubber is subjected to a terrific strain. You can illustrate this by making a pencil mark across the edges of a magazine or pad of paper, then bending the pad as a belt would bend around a pulley. Watch the pencil mark and note how the sheets of paper slide over one another.

This same thing, on a larger scale, happens in a belt—the thin rubber layers surrounding each strand of cotton and holding the plies of the belt together must absorb the terrific flexing, sliding strain which occurs with each turn around the whirling pulley. And sometimes these belts operate twenty-four hours a day—for weeks and months at a time.



An installation in the plant of a well-known cement company. This cement company writes that they find Goodrich Highflex has lasted *"three times as long as previous belts used."*

In recent years one special rubber has been developed by Goodrich for power-transmission belting. It has elasticity, an amazing power of recovery and ability to stand constant flexing. It is called Highflex rubber.

Since its development, Goodrich Highflex belting has set entirely new standards of performance and lowered production costs in dozens of industries.

Interested executives are always invited to address the Chairman, Goodrich Industrial Research Committee, regarding their problems to which rubber may provide an answer. Goodrich, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

HIGHFLEX BELTING

Another **B.F.Goodrich** *Product*

32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods.

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